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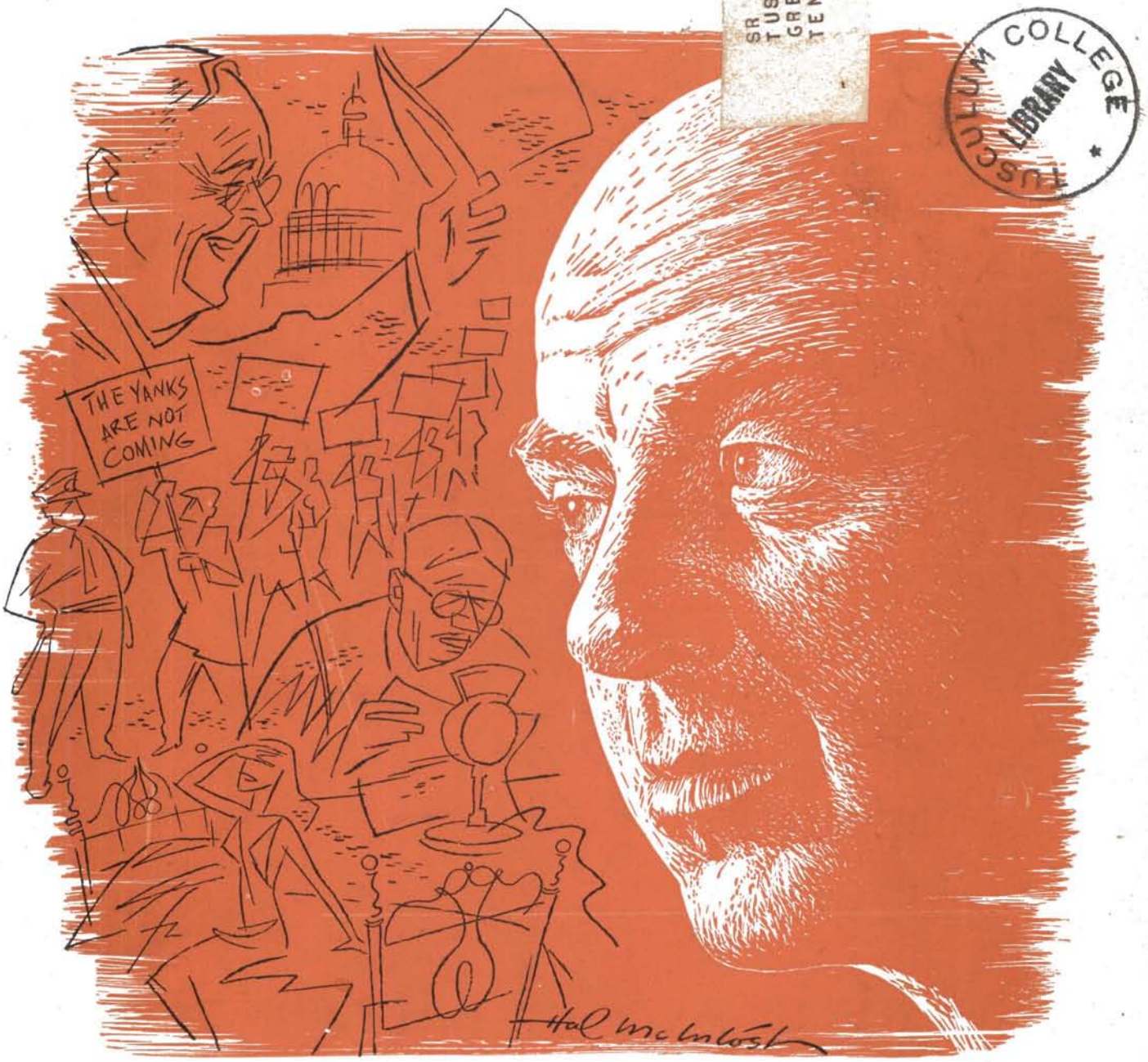

"The Grand Design" by John Dos Passos (See page 8)

Books, Beds, and Bromides

By EDMUND FULLER

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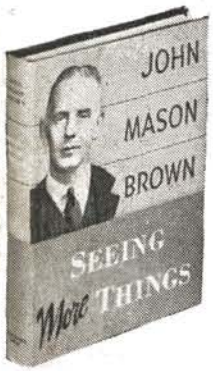

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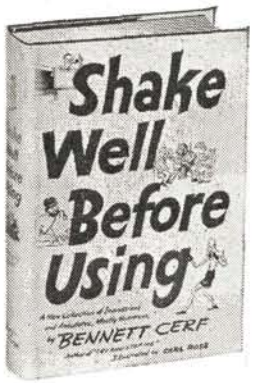

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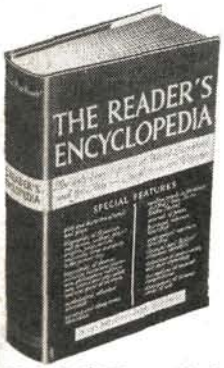

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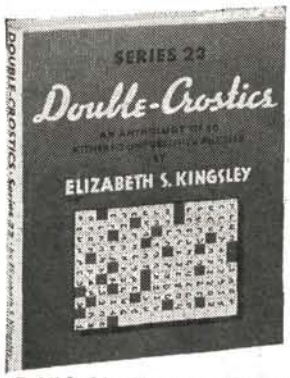

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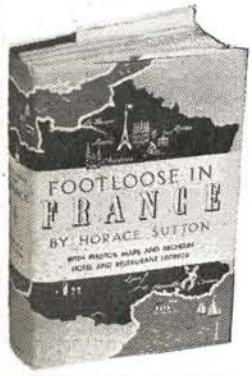

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January 8, 1949

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 2, January 8, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyrighted 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE organizations in the country is the Gridiron Club, composed of top newspaper correspondents in Washington. The active membership is limited to fifty, and second-raters have discovered that no influence is powerful enough to get them within a mile of the entrance. Twice a year, the Gridiron Club gives a dinner and show, and some 700 Very Important guests turn up in white ties and tails (a few actually own the outfits themselves) for an evening of off-the-record speech-making and shenanigans. When it became known that President Truman, Governor Dewey, and Governor Thurmond all would be present at the dinner this December, invitations were sought more eagerly than ever, and when Bert Andrews of the *Herald Tribune* (and author of "Washington Witch Hunt") asked me to come, I was genuinely delighted. My full dress suit fit perfectly too—if I didn't try to lift my arms,

The Gridiron shows are strangely reminiscent of a high-school graduation ceremony. Instead of the principal and his faculty for guests of honor, the Gridironers have the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and instead of spoofing campus personalities and highlights, the shows themselves poke fun at kings, dictators, and international events. And the audiences, of course, are richer, more important—and balder. But the spirit is the same, and the display of good sportsmanship by the goats in the audience just as unqualified and heartwarming.

This year's show had to be rewritten in large part because of unexpected happenings on Election Day. The brightest spot, I thought, was a recital of the Democrats' problems, to the tune of the nation's No. 1 song hit, "Buttons and Bows":

East is East and West is West,
Where we're bound nobody knows.
Democrats just keep on havin'
Those trials and troubles and worries and woes,
Chiefly grief and worries and woes.

We promised much of cash and such
But our trouble always grows,
Turks and Greeks and Eastern sheiks
All count on us for a suit o' clothes.
But all we got is worries and woes.

We told all the farmers our love would never fail,
Then we told the boys from Kansas City they'd stay out of jail!
The CIO demands more dough;
Willie Green gets on our toes
Can't relax—the income tax
Will leave our pockets with nothin' but holes
And we're still stuck with Chester Bowles.

Show us to the river 'cause we can't deliver
Those low-priced clothes and bungalows
And Chinese loans and Berlin zones,
And here we are all worries and woes.

GOVERNOR DEWEY, in high good humor, had the audience in the palm of his hand, and led everyone to wonder what might have happened had he only talked half as well—and frankly—in his campaign speeches. President Truman, far too concerned with the problems confronting him to relax completely, spoke with a sincerity and humility that sobered everybody immediately. I noticed that when the President is speaking spontaneously and not from prepared notes, his words pour out with the speed of a machine gun, and he clenches both fists, upraised, to emphasize his points.

Guests were introduced largely in pairs. I was called upon to take a bow with Westbrook Pegler, to our mutual horror. That was nothing to the look on the face of Minnesota's progressive new Senator, Hubert Humphreys, when he was paired with Governor Thurmond! When the President went home, the dinner broke up into a dozen separate parties, and I went to the Cowles reception with Frank Boyden, the famous head of Deerfield Academy, and George Allen, sometimes known as the "White House jester." Later Mrs. Allen suggested that she and Mrs. Cerf get together and compare notes on how a wife should act when she hears her husband tell a story for the fiftieth time. Mr. Allen and I thought this was a terrible idea. I roomed that night at the Statler with the persuasive new advertising manager of the *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Al Stanford, who walked off with my shaving brush. . . .

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I was working in a stock brokerage house in Wall Street—or rather, reporting there in the morning and then sneaking off to the Battery to meet my friend Rene Wormser, and watch the ships sail in and out of the harbor. On a day I never will forget, Dick Simon, my classmate at Columbia, called on the telephone. "I'm leaving Horace Liveright to start my own firm with Max Schuster," he told me. "If you meant all those protestations of how you long to be in the publishing business, here's your opportunity on a golden platter. Liveright needs somebody to take my place and I suggested you." I was up at Liveright's office inside of an hour, and when lunch was over, called my boss in Wall Street to tell him I was never coming back. He accepted my decision with heroic calm. A six-year bull market started a day or two later, and I spent 1924 and 1925 learning from Liveright and his mad but merry underlings all the things a book publisher who meant to stay solvent could not do.

That's another story and I will tell it one day. This is about my relationship with Dick Simon. Through the years our friendship has grown ever

"Then, in a flash, it comes to him—the theme for all nine symphonies."

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more secure despite occasions when we found ourselves in the most direct and bruising kind of competition. I love Dick, and his beautiful wife Andrea, and his four children. Some day, in fact, I mean to kidnap the one called Carly, with the pixie manner and the husky voice like Margaret Sullavan's. When I began writing books myself, and wartime paper restrictions made it impractical to publish them at Random House (our authors, already kicking because their active titles had to go out of print, would, with justice, have murdered me in cold blood), I automatically took them to Simon & Schuster. To say my confidence was not misplaced is the month's understatement.

RECENTLY DICK SIMON and I celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of our first joint bookselling trip by visiting our friends in Chicago together. Rose Oller's suggestion of a Marshall Field autographing party for "Shake Well Before Using" provided the excuse. Besides, we both wanted to ride on the new Twentieth Century Limited. . . . We talked far into the nights, fought as usual over politics, called on Carl Kroch, Bill Goodpasture, Ralph Henry, Max Siegel and others, bought the best peanut brittle I ever tasted from Dorothy Gottlieb in the Ambassador Bookshop (it's $1.75 a pound) and attended a characteristically lavish party given by Chicago's most famous hosts, Adele and Ernie Byfield.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 289

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 289 will be found in the next issue.

GSYME ILECZ YZ ORIT L

BONNOMYSIK, RCHXC AHORPZ

YZ TYI TN OI. ATID LHC

MTFGHOZCB OR IDC RTASC

WYLSOIK JC MLSS XLSTH.—

FCSXOSSC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 288

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.

—J. R. LOWELL.

The climax of our trip was the Field party. Rose and Bob Bangs assembled the Who's Who of Chicago bookdom for lunch at Imperial House, including Fanny Butcher, Emmett Dedmon, Van Allen Bradley, Fred Babcock, and two reigning Chicago columnists, Norine Foley and Sydney Harris. . . . Chicago was buzzing over the accusation by friends of John T. Flynn that his diatribe against FDR, "The Roosevelt Myth," was being hidden under the counters by antagonistic booksellers. There wasn't a word of truth in the charge, but it did give sales a boost. . . . Fred Babcock pointed out the difference between a shmoo and a schmo. A shmoo, it seems, is the inspired creation of Al Capp; a schmo is a fellow who can get it for you retail. . . . Ralph Henry thinks that advertising or publicizing a book that hasn't begun selling on its own volition is a complete waste of time and money; people simply say, "There's that book I definitely don't want to read." . . . And Bill Goodpasture, quaint soul that he is, believes that the Athletics will finish ahead of the Yankees in 1949. . . .

I DISCOVERED AT FIELD'S that autographing your own books is infinitely more fun than watching other authors go through the same routine. In fact, I enjoyed it so much that I repeated the performance a few days later at Hudson's in Detroit. There I was shepherded by the wonderful Mary Welch and the *Free Press's* famous editor Malcolm Bingay. There will be more about that when I get around to describing my trip to Pittsburgh, Springfield, Minneapolis, Eau Claire, Grand Rapids, and Michigan State College at East Lansing. I'm falling so far behind in TRADE WINDS that I'm afraid I'll never catch up! . . .

BACK IN NEW YORK I had the pleasure of M.C.ing the Publishers' Ad Club luncheon in honor of Harry Hansen. Ray Bond, Sterling North, and Lewis Gannett were the speakers. Gannett went to the trouble of digging up the files of the old *Morning World* for 1926, edited by Swope, when Hansen first appeared—and more than held his own—with that great galaxy of

Broun, Woollcott, FPA, Kirby, Sullivan, etc. The headlines had a strangely familiar ring: "Saint Lawrence Water Power Development Seen Near Realization"; "General Strike in Britain"; "Byrd Flies Over South Pole"; "Mothers' Day Racket Exposed." . . . A new book by Stanley Hall carried an introduction by Carl Van Doren. . . . FPA polled 639 book buyers. Only fifty-two hazarded a guess as to who published the books they had purchased. All fifty-two were wrong. . . . Paul Whiteman told Mary Margaret McBride, "Critics are unnecessary barnacles." . . . Harry Hansen himself wrote a paragraph about Alfred Knopf's neckties. . . . Ben Hecht called Ezra Pound "a yesterday's orchid in a Bloomsbury buttonhole" and Aldous Huxley "a pale debauché staggering across an endless bedroom under a load of epigrams." . . . Pulitzer Prizes were awarded to Sinclair Lewis and a Georgia newspaper for its exposure of the Ku Klux Klan . . . And Heywood Broun thundered, "The most discouraging thing about the situation in England is the announcement that a *strong* man, Winston Churchill, is largely in control of the Government's policy. God preserve Britain or any other nation from the counsels of 'strong men' in any hour of crisis." . . .

All that was in 1926. Time marches on! Or does it? —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Books, Beds, and Bromides

EDMUND FULLER

Edmund Fuller

ANYONE who reads extensively in modern fiction must be aware of the repetitious and excessive fashion in which it deals with sex. Precisely on this subject, in many books, the otherwise clear-cut distinction between mediocre writers and really gifted ones becomes blurred. Almost every writer, good or bad, lapses into a cliche ritual. The reader sees it coming and generally can tell, after a line or so, which of the several standard gambits he is getting this time.

How stale, flat, and unprofitable they have become! Many writers are deluded into thinking that a four-letter vocabulary, carefully detailed scenes of undressing, and clinically direct anatomical descriptions add up to a profound study of the relations between men and women. This is quite as fantastic a belief as would be the notion that the corn of morning soap operas represents tragedy. The disaster lies in the fact that a good many of our writers, readers, and critics seem unaware of the quality of sexual-soap-opera permeating even the more serious modern novels. Some of our most pretentious literary figures, such as Edmund Wilson, are among the worst offenders.

We have specialists in various aspects of sex, as well as those who cull a little from each. There are undressing specialists who give us an accounting of every button, strap, and bow—garment by garment. James M. Cain is a clothes-ripping technician. I must admit it tells us something about Mr. Cain's characters when they rip off each other's clothing, as they nearly always do. It also tells us a good bit about Mr. Cain.

There are specialists in the texture and surface temperature of the body, ranging in the first case from marble to velvet; in the second, from hot to cool (partly seasonal—in summer fiction they are cool).

There are specialists in biting and punching (a) in acquiescence, (b) in resistance. There are experts in the functional mechanics or general physics of sex relationships.

Some writers deal with form and shape, in the general and in the particular. Buttock and bosom are the chief specializations in this field. It is here that we find the connoisseurs in the fine art of fruit-analogy, involving pears, melons, peaches, apples, and grapes. (It is interesting that the grain cereals have fallen into disuse, though the author of the "Song of Songs" did well with a heap of wheat.)

THERE has arisen also a complex school of orgasm symbolism. I believe Hervey Allen was an early pioneer of the concentric ripple—but water offers many other possibilities and we also find waves, general sensations from drowning, to floating, and occasionally whirlpools.

There are the high-wind group, the fire group, and the rocket or levitation group. Earth-moving was the unique contribution of Ernest Hemingway. There has been nothing quite like it before or since. Any day now, if not already, someone will see the possibilities in the device of sinking slowly into soft, warm mud.

Bergen Evans, in a magazine article entitled "This Thing Called Love," explored exhaustively some of the peculiar channels of sexual attraction in current books, including the whole "I - love - you - because - I - hate-you" crowd and the "when-she-gouged - out - my - eyes - I - knew-she-really-loved-me" gang.

Lastly, better left without too much discussion, there are the "accompanying-sound-effects" school, the "I-shouldn't - have - kept - on - watching-but-I-did" gambit, and the part that begins, "Tell me about the others." (Nancy Hale and Ben Hecht both have done big things with the last.)

Now, in the language of jacket blurbs, how "bold, frank, fearless, honest, realistic, and profound" can you get? Except for peripheral phenomena rapidly being used up, just about every possibility you can think of in sex has been boldly, frankly, and interminably explored. The law of diminishing returns has done its deadly work.

Today, exhausted writers search frantically for novelty where no novelty is possible. This certainly goes far to account for the astonishing and increasing prevalence of abnormal relationships in novels. No other punch, no other shock is left.

As an odd result, certain fringe-type classics of near pornography (politely known as "erotica") have become pale, wan, and utterly obsolete beside the common modern novel. Sacher-Masoch and De Sade crumble

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before Cain and Richard Brooks (the latter a much heralded newcomer who has been able to compress into two books the tedious vulgarism and banality for which Cain would require six). Anyway, Louys, Petronius, and others are quite o'ertopped. "The Feast of Trimalchio" is nothing to some of the parties in current fiction. Even Henry Miller is desperately put to it to remain beyond the pale. The strain has told on him. I think he has given up and abandoned sex for travelogues on a larger scale. A man cannot get himself privately published any more.

Alas! Mrs. Grundy is dead. And her passing, surprisingly, ushered in an evil day. She had been sitting for a long time on the lid of a kind of Pandora's box, the opening of which had come to represent the *summum bonum* to a generation of writers. Lo, now, the box has been open these many years and the scourge is upon us!

A LONG hard fight was fought for the right of the serious literary artist to deal as he sees fit with any facet of human behavior, with no arbitrary taboos on language, and no forbidden areas in the relationships between the sexes.

This fight was fought for serious purposes by the serious artist. The privilege so hard won is merited only by him, and the check-rein against its abuse lies in the stature of the artist. It is not a privilege to be lavished on every idiot or pornography merchant. None — absolutely none — of society's other important privileges in areas involving discretion and judgment—even the driving of an automobile—is lavished simply on anyone. There is no reason why this privilege should be. Yet it is—and I admit that nothing much can be done about it without opening the doors to the censor. But plain speaking about it, within the literary profession, is in order.

The terrible mistake made by writers, once their freedom had been established, was the failure to realize that it was not a freedom required for everyday use by every Tom, Dick, and Harry writing a story. They took the green light as a dare and have made what should be a last resource serve as a stock-in-trade. Full freedom of subject and language is now a part of the writer's working equipment. But every craftsman has tools used rarely, for the special problem or extraordinary circumstance. He does not employ them except when the other tools won't do—and they keep their edges, accordingly, so that when used they are effective.

The error of confusing cumulative detail with interpretative insight explains the paradox that many of our most lurid and violent writers today have no comprehension whatever of passion. When Mark Twain's wife tried to shock him out of swearing by reciting a string of oaths he laughed at her and said, "You know the words, my dear, but you don't know the tune."

The tune and measure of true passion are missing from the unrestrained words in most current writing about sex. Take a look, for contrast, at Chapter Eleven of Part Two of "Anna Karenina" in which Tolstoy shows us the impact, emotionally, upon Anna and Vronsky, of the first consummation of their love. Or read the passages of ungovernable passion between Jean-Christophe and Anna Braun, the wife of his friend, as Rolland delineates them. Or, for all the Victorian restraint and clap-trap, consider the powerful depiction of a horrible marriage in "Dombey and Son," where all the sexual realities are apparent to the discerning.

Where have these insights into the human creature been surpassed? What could be added to them by the four-letter-word or anatomical approach? They could only diminish.

Part of the modern fallacy was and is a by-product of the Freudian era. But there were brave men living before Agamemnon and there were profound analysts of character working in literature before Freud and Adler. Ill-digested, unassimilated Freudianism has led some writers to attempt the case-history method with their characters. This is close to being a tragedy in contemporary writing. Will they not understand that once the author has brought the relationships between a man and a woman to a certain stage there is seldom need for the author or reader to know more? It may be always the clinical problem of the psychoanalyst to know more. But perhaps the author or reader who thinks he must witness always the last details of an established intimacy is also the problem of the psychoanalyst.

IT SEEMS inconceivable, reading "Sister Carrie" today, that it ever was a *cause célèbre*. It is chaste as snow in language and detail. Dreiser's battle—always the important battle—was over the right to portray honestly the social realities of sex relationships. In part, Farrell fought this battle, too, but he fell prey to the great fallacy. His work, unlike Dreiser's, has suffered greatly from wearisome repetition and self-defeating misuse in the name of the basic freedom he demands rightly.

Joyce is a particularly revealing case. In "Dubliners" and "The Portrait of the Artist" he worked well within the bounds of restraint. "Ulys-

(*Continued on page* 33)

"I suggest you don't tune in Winchell or Pearson till it gets its strength back."

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Fiction. *There seems to be little room in modern fiction for the little man and his family who have to endure the vicissitudes of normal living. The novels reviewed this week deal with the political or racial problems of today or only yesterday, from John Dos Passos's flattened perspective of the decline of the New Deal in "The Grand Design," to Frank K. Kelly's "An Edge of Light," a newspaperman's story of the fateful Security Council meeting two years ago. The remaining three dramatize the clash between new and old British colonial policies. The most popular of these will be H. E. Bates's "The Jacaranda Tree," a masterly, if smoothly written, ale of the British flight from Burma. The best written is Elspeth Huxley's "The Walled City," which illuminates the theme of Alan Patton's story of the decline of Negro life in Africa.*

Socio-Economic Surface

THE GRAND DESIGN. By John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 440 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

TIME was, when the publication of a novel by John Dos Passos called for the lighting of bonfires on promontories. But no triumphant flare will greet the appearance of his latest work. Remembering the enormous vitality of "The 42nd Parallel," "1919," and "The Big Money," many readers will be puzzled by the feeble striking-power of "The Grand Design." Kindly reviewers may regard the book as a temporary lapse of energy—a trough, so to speak between waves. But Mr. Dos Passos deserves something more constructive than mercy; he is quite capable, I think, of hearing a few tough-hearted truths about his recent novel.

The weakness of "The Grand Design" proceeds not so much from the waning of Mr. Dos Passos's creative powers—though there is a marked decline here—as from the exhaustion of the genre in which he is working. The lode of naturalism that he mined so brilliantly during the Thirties was, even at that time, a rapidly thinning vein. After seventy-five years of exploitation in Europe and fifty in America, the vein has finally petered out. Only by employing the most exquisite techniques can the novelist hope to extract further ores from these tired diggings. And "The Grand Design" offers no evidence that Dos Passos is the possessor of such techniques; indeed it shows him to be curiously unaware of them.

Depth scrutiny is apparently beyond him. Mr. Dos Passos, one gathers, conceives his characters to be plane figures composed entirely of surface. He either fears psychologic exploration or purposely excludes it on the theory that the socio-economic surface shows all. The drip of colloquial speech is enough, Dos Passos thinks, to fix a mood or catch the fleeting chiaroscuro of personality. The color of a sick man's skin, the spoon-and-bottle details of his medicine-taking will disclose—no, must serve as substitutes for—his inner state. Now it is true that writers of any school gain valuable effects from a close accounting of speech and appearance. But when this accounting becomes a process of adding one-dimensional naughts to superficial zeros, and when the footed column is presented to us as the sum of man, —then the shallowness and falsity of the method become clear. "The Grand Design" is unrewarding chiefly because Mr. Dos Passos cannot, or will not, pass his probe through the skin of naturalism to discover the complex nerves of passion and motive underneath.

I am disturbed by the author's evasion of dramatic conflict—that head-on collision of ideas or actions, so prized by reader and writer alike. An instance will suffice:. in "The Grand Design," a gripe-bearing Cabinet official goes to the White House to beard "Mr. Big" [sic] on the subject of the third term. Rich opportunity confronts the author here: he could show his man slugging it out with the President or wilting under his charm. But the passage is cravenly avoided; some hours later we get a meager, indirect-discourse account of what happened. We learn at second-hand that the "Chief" is a comic, and kept everyone in stitches. This kind of creative misfeasance is unforgivable in a writer of Dos Passos's experience and stature. As readers, we clamor for the showdown, the pay-

THE AUTHOR: Today, John (Roderigo) Dos Passos literally gulps, "it would be—rather hard" to define his political position. Hailed as the Proletariat Moses, jailed for defending Sacco and Vanzetti, he couldn't stomach the Kremlin when visiting there in 1928. Now back from a tour of South America for *Life*, he concedes that "from the point of view of the Argentinians, the Peróns make fairly good sense." He has been "fussing" since early New Deal days with "The Grand Design," which he groups with "Adventures of a Young Man" and "Number One" rather than the "U.S.A." trilogy. His paternal grandfather was an immigrant Portuguese shoemaker, his maternal forebears Southern Quakers. As a child he "was carted around a good deal" to Mexico, Belgium, and England; since then, for many years as a roving journalist, he has carted himself about Europe, the Near East, and this country—peregrinations that have produced six volumes. He began writing at Choate and Harvard, but when he was graduated in 1916 (*cum laude*) decided to study architecture in Spain, a vocation World War I service quashed. He has continued to paint, most recently airplane views in the South Pacific, has had gallery showings, and illustrated two of his books, "Orient Express" and "Nineteen Nineteen." "Three Soldiers" in 1921, four years after "One Man's Initiation," his first novel, impressively deglamorized war. With "Manhattan Transfer" he initiated the unconventional, widely imitated kaleidoscopic technique which led to his camera eye-biography-newsreel pattern in "U.S.A." He has published poetry, and, in the Twenties, created sets and plays for a Greenwich Village theatre group. He, at least, thinks the New York theatre is looking up—while personally preferring his Virginia farm. His next work will be a series of essays on the Jeffersonian period. "It is beginning to look," he recently observed, "as if what I was trying to defend in 'U.S.A.' was 'The Old Seventy-Six' —the American Republic. Then it was in danger from extended capital. Now it is in danger from exended Communism."—R. G.

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off. Pulp-fiction provides these amid scenes of grapple and gunplay; Arthur Koestler gratifies us with his dialectic thrust-and-parry; Thomas Mann holds us rapt through three volumes, then rewards us by bringing Joseph face to face with his brothers. But Mr. Dos Passos merely side-steps the whole business and negligently passes on.

I get the feeling (it is purely a guess) that he began this novel long ago, laid it aside in bored desperation, then in an hour of even deeper despair, decided to go through with it. But whatever the reason, "The Grand Design" has the dated quality of a newspaper found at the bottom of a crockery-barrel. The story, which treats of the New Deal's decline into expediency, cynicism, and war, purports to be told at "the level of the leaders." But the people we actually meet are side-show performers, pitching their little coins outside the main tent. In comparison with the personages in Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins,"—or a dozen other non-fiction memoirs of the New Deal,—Dos Passos's characters are pygmies. Figures long standard to the Washington scene are tweaked across a miniscule stage. Earnest young men write agricultural reports; cocktails are brandished, pickets picket, and the girl secretary falls in love with her boss. To give this puny scenario an "epic" sweep, the author introduces, off-stage, a folksy chorus whose strophes sometimes soar to the middle heights of Norman Corwin.

Many years ago José Ortega y Gasset warned novelists: "It is not easy nowadays to invent adventures capable of stirring the superior portion of our sensibility." Not that we are jaded; we simply refuse to be moved by a writer who fails to employ the ever-expanding resources at the disposal of the novelist. We have been so splendidly lighted on our way by Dostoievsky, Proust, Joyce, and Mann, by Conrad, Meredith, Kafka, and James, that we are no longer content to read the human comedy by the dim lamp of naturalism. Man is a socio-economic creature, no argument about it. But he is more. He is a psychological mystery, an emotional labyrinth, and a metaphysical challenge. Unless Mr. Dos Passos accepts the challenge, enters the labyrinth, and attempts to unravel the mystery, he cannot hope to be regarded as a continuing force in American letters.

Henry Morton Robinson, author of "The Great Snow" and "Fantastic Interim," is at present working on a long novel entitled "The Cardinal."

Evacuating Burma

THE JACARANDA TREE. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 299 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

THE journey is one of the great narrative devices, and of journeys, the flight is probably the most ancient in tradition and the most fruitful in dramatic significance. "The Jacaranda Tree" is a story of flight and, like Mr. Bates's previous book, "The Purple Plain," its setting is Burma.

Paterson, the manager of a rice mill on the upper Irrawaddy River, learning that the Japs are approaching, prepares to evacuate the handful of English people from the village. All are going except Dr. Fielding, who will not leave his hospital, and Miss Ross, who has adopted Buddhism and awaits events with tranquillity.

There is no way out except northward by car through jungles and mountains to India on a road that may or may not prove passable. The relations of his fellow countrymen toward Paterson are scarcely cordial. He is a newcomer to Asia. His ways are not blessed by colonial tradition. He is efficient, blunt, and original in the performance of his duties. He had failed to join the Swimming Club, remarking that he wished to swim in water, not people. Worst of all, his dealings with the Burmese were far too informal, as if they were human beings; and he lived openly with a Burmese girl.

Portman, the assistant manager, hated him for his position. Mrs. Portman, whose beauty was the sole consolation of her life, found him bafflingly unresponsive to the most open invitations. Mrs. McNairn hated him for "trifling with her daughter's affections," whereas Connie McNairn rather hated herself, for the bygone situation with Paterson had been wholly of her own creation. Betteson was constantly worrying over situations that would "raise trick issues," which Paterson brusquely dismissed. Mrs. Betteson was simply somewhat harmlessly mad. Major Brain, who was reluctant to leave, hated no one.

H. E. Bates—"gifts for event, for place, for character."

These, together with the Eurasian nurse, Miss Allison, Paterson's Burmese mistress, and her young brother, formed the party which set out in two automobiles. What befalls them, severally, is the substance of Mr. Bates's story.

There is good story-telling here. There are keen insights into the end of a regime. The Portmans are eager to regain India, where they had acquired their colonial attitudes. But India will not be the same India, and we may be sure that Burma will never be the same Burma.

There is too much striving for an irrelevant sensuousness: too much "pinning under the transparent silk all the pulsating, excited softness of her flesh." But balancing this are Bates's genuine gifts for event, for place, for character. The movement is swift. The panorama of jungle and mountain, all the details of terrain are vivid. Paterson is well realized, though theatrically conceived. Major Brain is sensitively and quietly studied as he faces the moral dilemma this flight creates in his own soul.

It is Mrs. Betteson who becomes the tour de force of this story. And in the skilful development accorded to her we see a similarity to some of the characterizations of Nevil Shute. There is much in common in the work of these two men. Both are craftsmen of great skill, bringing comfort and ease to the nervous reader scarred by the inept writing in much current fiction. Both represent elements of sincerity and honesty mingled with that artificiality somehow attendant upon too smooth a story which is vulgarly called "slick."

The final merits of Mr. Bates's "Jacaranda Tree" is that, though precipitated by the war, it is not a war story; and that the disasters which befall some of these people proceed not from the circumstances of war but from within themselves.

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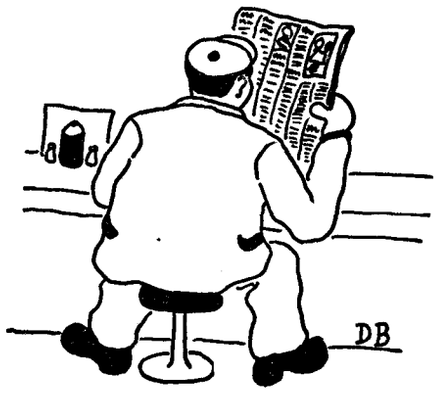
What News Is Fit to Print?

AN EDGE OF LIGHT. By Frank K. Kelly. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1949. 308 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

A SIGNIFICANT theme and a missionary motive are fine attributes of a novel, but they are not enough. Mr. Kelly's novel has these: the gigantic theme of "one world" which must remain at peace or perish, and the compulsive belief of his protagonist, James Hammill, that another world war must be avoided. Most of the action is laid in the newsgathering agency where Hammill works, but the specific historical event which climaxes the story is the meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations, at Hunter College in 1946, when the Iranian Government charged that Soviet troops had not been evacuated from Iran. The last section of the novel, in almost straight news reporting, relates the dramatic exit by Andrei Gromyko from the Council meeting. In general the reportage is excellently vivid. Unfortunately the fictional characters never come alive. Their emotional and amatory vicissitudes, their hardboiled sentimentalities, are dull and banal, and excite in the reader neither sympathy, revulsion, nor even interest. The compensating virtue of the book lies in its expert picture of the newspaper world and in its exploration of some of the effects that world has on our culture.

Hammill works for the Consolidated Press. (Its location in Radio City easily identifies its prototype.) On his desk converge news reports from correspondents all over the world, and he in turn relays them to the American newspapers which are members of the Press. What is the responsibility of the newspapers and their press syndicates? One of the allegations here is that in their attempt to sell more papers, they manipulate the news to tease or to stun their readers. In the case of the UN, by playing up the antagonisms and defeats of the meetings, they are destroying it, and they are breeding a destructive cynicism in their readers. That is the view of Gerald Finley, an old British diplomat, whose optimism for world peace is unquenchable. He believes that the fate of the UN and of world peace rests squarely on the agencies that disseminate news. Against his messianic attitude is contrasted that of Brenden, boss of the Consolidated: "We're peddling news, the kind of news people are interested in buying." The result of the



latter point of view, the one which prevails, is described by Hammill: "It's a dirty business. Telling about how people look when they're cooked in a plane, and taking pictures of them. Going to see some miners' wives, to see how they take it when the bodies come home from the mine. And scaring people with hot stuff about another war." It is the old problem, then, of whether newspapers reflect or recreate public opinion, of who decides what news is fit to print. It is not settled in this novel, of course, but it is illuminated through Mr. Kelly's knowledge, zeal, and expert description.

It is regrettable that a novel which succeeds so well in depicting its background and in generating lively ideas should fail to create a human story. Hammill is characterized as a man aged before his time, tortured by doubts, embittered and cynical. Yet his moods are capricious, vibrating between hope and despair for reasons that are not clear. Hence the reader can only observe his moods without being able to share them. Another reason the story fails is that while the political background has a design and development that are comprehensible, the foreground characters quarrel and love, misunderstand and make up, in an erratic and fortuitous sequence. The credo that they seek, and to some extent find, does not seem to affect them, and unless their private lives and their public concerns have some kind of coherence, the novel splits into two discrete parts.

Its "message" is stated quite explicitly on the last page:

> If the world lasted, the men who survived . . . would not be able to live in the caves of that mountain of the dead. They would see the edge of light, and they would make peace.

This is an admirable sentiment, but the novel that contains it fails to span the distance that lies between editorial and creative thinking.

Colonial Career Men

THE WALLED CITY. By Elspeth Huxley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1949. 350 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN BARKHAM

THEY say the sun is at last setting on the British Empire. Maybe, but my guess is that the Empire will be as long a-dying as it was a-borning. If and when it ever goes, with it will depart a remarkable and meticulously-evolved sub-species of the human race: the British colonial administrator.

No one who has come to know this distinctive breed in his habitat can ever forget him. He looks like, and speaks with, the accents of the British upper middle-class from which he sprang. But generations of careful training and thinking have shaped his outlook and actions to the central fact of the white man's burden, which he has carried, very advantageously, for the past couple of centuries.

He is generally able, earnest, and conscientious. His conversation is about sisal in Uganda, school privies in Tobago, hut tax in Swaziland, the licensing of brothels in Hong-Kong, and such like. His mind is a filing cabinet stored with statistics, regulations, and by-laws. His utterances are cautious, his decisions conservative, and his actions tempered to the necessary approval of his superiors. A change of post (which may entail a different hemisphere) is for him merely a change in climate. His one besetting fear, which will haunt him till he retires on pension, is that a question may be asked about him or about his work in the House of Commons.

This is the standard pattern of British colonial officer. In recent years there has evolved a variation from this type, which advocates such things as some transfer of responsibility to the natives, greater economic development of colonial areas, and a general unshackling of absentee control. The two types have clashed, and are still clashing on the future direction of British colonial policy.

It is this clash which is the central theme of Mrs. Huxley's new novel, by all odds the most mature and percipient book she has yet written. Britain's fast-shrinking Empire is an outward sign of the policy argument that is be-

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ing conducted behind the pillars of Whitehall. Mrs. Huxley has dramatized this conflict in the absorbing story of two men, Frederick Begg and Robert Gresham.

Both are solid colonial career men dedicated to the uplift of the benighted blacks in an African protectorate. Both try to do their duty according to their lights. But duty has a different meaning for each. Begg is the orthodox civil servant, ambitious, deferential to his higher-ups, looking on his native charges as ciphers in a game of government and administration. Gresham is an idealist, intolerant of red tape and protocol, who thinks the white man should act as trustee for the upraising of the black. The two men lock horns repeatedly. Because Begg is senior of the two, his conception ultimately prevails.

Mrs. Huxley's story not only has depth and understanding; it is also a skilful piece of architecture. Parallel with the two principal characters, she alternates two scenes—sultry, sullen Africa and cool, green England. Minor themes—such as the affair between Gresham's wife and a former suitor, or the ill-starred emancipation of black Benjamin—are neatly woven into the counterpoint.

Mrs. Huxley does not handle all these voices with equal facility. Her English scenes, for all her ironic insight into the Whitehall mind, do not match the authentic atmosphere of her tropical Africa. Her native village, "set like a scab on the hillside," and strongly resembling those of the Kenya she knows so well, is a much more real place than her English farm. Her barbs at British bureaucratic bumbling, sharp though they be, evoke less admiration than her acute understanding of Africa's unique problems.

For the basic moral of this book is essentially the same as that which Alan Paton pointed in his equally striking novel, "Cry, the Beloved Country." In a nutshell, it is this: the balance which the black has struck with nature over the centuries has been toppled by the white man, through a secular force that undermines from without and a spiritual force that bores from within. How can the white man best redress that balance now?

In "The Fallen City" Mrs. Huxley gives what is to my mind the only intelligent answer to that question. Every reader who is interested in the problems of his fellow-men should ponder her answer. The past year has yielded some notable books on Africa. This novel, for its compassion, its expert narrative, and its genuine authority, can take its place with the best of them.

Boers and Britishers

—*Jacket design from "Southern Cross."*

SOUTHERN CROSS. By Brigid Knight. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 305 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

AND yet another book set in South Africa—a simply written, well-intentioned little novel about three generations of Boers and Britishers, beginning during the Boer War, ending with the end of World War II.

This is Liesbet de Villier's story: a Dutch baby, orphaned shortly after birth, she is raised by an English family, then thrust under the stiff, dark wing of her Boer aunt and forced to face the Boer hatred of the British which shadows her entire life. There, I think, we have the core of the book—that narrow, fanatic facet of nationalism which figures so sharply in any nationalistic movement, and, in this case, clouds, complicates, and impels the life of a woman whose childhood experiences in an English home have made such intolerance intolerable to her. Liesbet, or Elizabeth, as she prefers it, represents that happy compromiser, anathema to unbending Boers like her mother-in-law, Gertruida, who cannot, as she does, see a peaceful South Africa while Dutch and British must live in it together. The climax and sharp underlining of this hatred is drawn, finally, during the period of the Second World War, when the most unforgiving of the Boers find their purposes and their destinies closely linked with those of the Nazis. The book is written from a strongly British point of view, and I do not propose to discuss here the various sides of the question of South African independence. It is certainly clear, in any case, that Elizabeth had the courage of noble convictions when she fought against the neurotic, grudging, unswerving racism of Boer relations and in-laws.

I should like to be even as optimistic as Brigid Knight, whose various characters undergo gradual reformations and arrive, at last, at what could be at best a temporary kind of inner and outer harmony—even that mother-in-law, who walks forward, finally, in symbolic sunlight to greet an English grandson-in-law. But we are bred by the ways of the world, alas, to a strong distrust of simplicity, and the simple way in which our author bases her case, finally, on the strength of love and beautiful inevitables does not quite establish it. There is examination lacking here which might put dimension into her characters and lend reality to her story. In her personal and her political history, everything is too neat.

Thus, though Elizabeth is a strong, vital figure, and though Gertruida crystalizes the dangerous, unstable character of fanatic nationalism and racism, the over-easy handling of character and plotty situations produces a novel which seems contrived. Confronting us, as it does, with some platitudes, some clichés, the writing is often too sweet. Still, this carefully constructed novel is occasionally lovely, and I wish that penetrating, profound thinking were as prominent in it as its faith.

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History. *He who will read the trio of first-rate volumes reviewed below is likely to find in them not only hours of instruction and entertainment about unfamiliar periods and places, but excellent examples of three different types of present-day historical writing. Karen Larsen's "History of Norway" is a factual, scrupulously objective account of six centuries of Scandinavian life and culture, organized along traditional lines and eminently reliable. It may well remain a standard reference work for years to come. Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker's "Father Knickerbocker Rebels," an account of New York City during the American Revolution, is another work of careful scholarship, written deftly and sometimes brilliantly. In "The City and the Tsars," Harold Lamb writes with a novelist's pen, capturing all the color and drama of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Russia and its rulers.*

A Scandinavian Riddle

A HISTORY OF NORWAY. By Karen Larsen. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 591 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ERIK SJÖGREN

SINCE Queen Margaret ruled over Norway, Denmark, and Sweden in the fourteenth century, the three countries have never formed a union. That Scandinavia is not today politically united may be due in part to pressure from the outside, but in the past it was torn with internal struggle for centuries on end with Denmark and Sweden fighting for dominance.

Norway never took a real part in this strife; the reasons are an historical riddle, and thus Karen Larsen's new volume on Norwegian history has an intrinsic interest in its very subject matter. This proud country allowed its political fate and existence to depend first on Denmark and later on Sweden for the 500 years following 1380; its literature came to be written in Danish and its old culture was all but obliterated.

Yet, at an earlier time, Norwegian Vikings had been sailing the Atlantic as though it were their own home fjord, colonizing from the Faroes to Greenland, and giving rise meanwhile to one of the world's great literatures. In modern times, Ibsen is only one among a host of outstanding writers, and that the Norwegians' reputation of being outspokenly and militantly patriotic is not due to words alone was eloquently proved just recently.

Miss Larsen offers no direct and ready explanation of the paradoxical course of Norwegian history. Her aim seems instead to have been to set down the facts, offer the information, and allow her readers to make their own interpretations. For at least this reader no other fact among the presented evidence seems as formidable as that of the country's topography, described in the first chapter. The Vikings were extraordinary seafarers, but when the time came when the supply of new land and easy prey was exhausted, they let their fleet deteriorate, and with it their glory. In the home country the population was scattered along an enormous coastline and up a few river valleys; if Norway were to be united as a nation its communities must be connected by land, but the mountains were too high and the Norwegians no road engineers like the Romans or the Incas. To resort to Toynbeean terminology, their response to the challenge was at the time inadequate, and their country made subject to Danish rule.

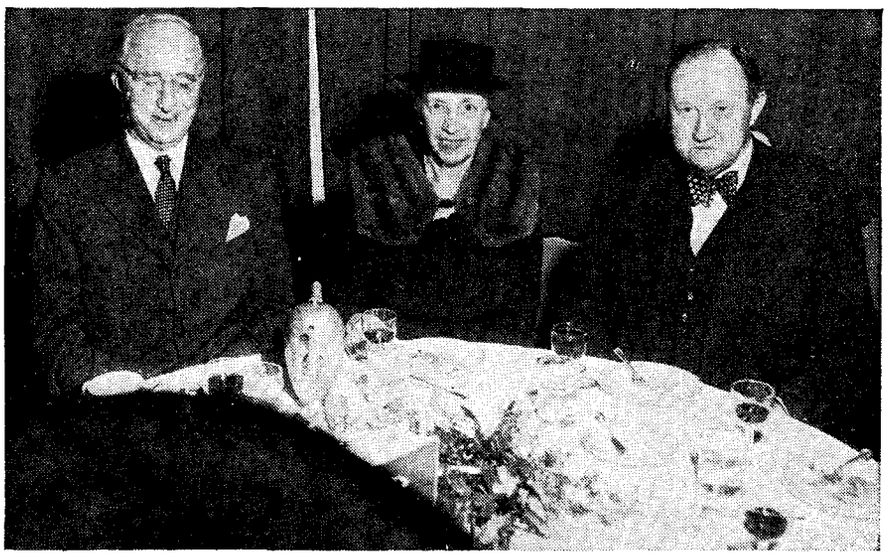
The method Miss Larsen uses is strictly objective, and has presumably necessitated the traditional presentation in separate sections within each chapter of political history and socio-economic and artistic developments. Had the author chosen to integrate the material, the manner in which it were done, whatever its kind, would have committed her to some form of interpretation. The apparent lifelessness of some of the historical figures, mentioned in abundance, is a less fortunate result of the objective method.

It has, however, given handsome results in the latter section, which deals with the very complicated circumstances of the declaration of independence in 1814, Denmark having suffered the fate of Napoleon's allies, the subsequent union with Sweden, and its peaceful dissolution in 1905. Because of the author's fairness in stating controversial issues one is ready to accept her claim that the Norwegians have achieved real political maturity in the short period of their new independence, in itself a remarkable feat, and one may remember as one example in its support the impeccable way in which Norwegian law dealt with the arch-traitor of the war, Vidkun Quisling, and which contrasted favorably with some other war-criminal trials.

Miss Larsen, herself a professor of history at Saint Olaf College, comes from a well-known Norwegian pioneer family, and the pride she takes in Norwegian achievements must reflect an attitude towards the "old country" common among many Norwegian-Americans; it gives her style a special and likable flavor.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation has sponsored the publication of the handsome volume, first in a new series on the history and literature of the Scandinavian countries, and thus promises to continue its long and valuable service.

Erik Sjögren, who teaches English at New York University, came to the United States from Sweden in 1946. *He is author of "Iron Gates."*



W. Morganstierne, Norwegian Ambassador to the U.S., Karen Larsen, and Henry Goddard Leach, president-emeritus, American-Scandinavian Foundation—"Miss Larsen offers no ready explanation."

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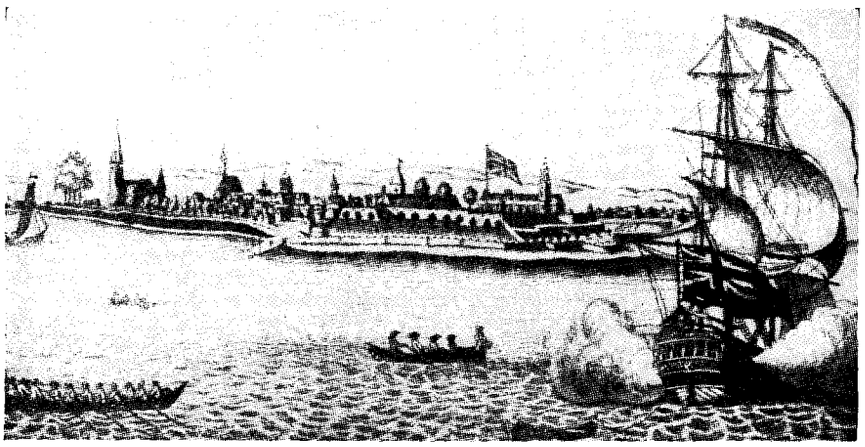
Fratricide in the Port of New York



From "Father Knickerbocker Rebels."

Southwest View of Fort George, 1778.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER REBELS. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 308 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by JOHN A. KROUT

HAD you been in the little port of New York on the afternoon of June 25, 1775, you might have joined the cheering throngs welcoming George Washington on his way to Cambridge to take command of the American Army. Later in the day you could have watched another crowd at the foot of Broad Street ready to receive Governor Tryon, whom the British ministry had just sent back to his post in the province. If you had been confused by such a sequence of events, your feelings would have been shared by many of the 30,000 New Yorkers who were trying to decide whether the Continental Congress or the representatives of the British Government deserved their loyalty and support. Sentiment was divided, as it was in many other sections of English America; and the irresolute and fearful were numerous. Little time was given them to make sure of their convictions, for their town soon became the center of conflict between the British and American forces. Its significant location, at the gateway to the Hudson-Lake Champlain route to Canada, could hardly escape even the novice in military strategy; while its spacious harbor afforded a tempting base for naval operations either to the north or south.

For a few months in 1776 New York was the military capital of America, its streets filled with "the marching of soldiers, the sound of drums, the rattle of munition carts." Life was exciting; but taverns and coffee-houses were made gloomy by stories of impending invasion. Then came the Howe brothers, Sir William and Lord Richard. By September their British and Hessian troops, supported by a well-provisioned fleet, had driven the American forces from all of Manhattan Island and the neighboring countryside. The port of New York remained in British hands until war's close.

Professor Wertenbaker takes his stand among the residents of New York during these years of military occupation, when hatred and cruelty and corruption left disfiguring scars on a community already made miserable by fratricidal strife. His eye catches the ignoble and the heroic, the knave and the martyr, the fool and the wise man; and he understands them not as an historian looking back from the twentieth century, but as a chronicler living in the eighteenth century. His report reveals no more sympathy for the patriots than for the loyalists; yet its impartial tone is never dull. Theatre parties, gala dances, and boisterous celebrations are set against a background of suffering in the jails and on the prison ships, where dispirited, emaciated prisoners of war literally waited for death in durance vile. Corruption, cruelty, and inefficiency throw an ugly shadow over the entire record of the administration of civil and military affairs, so long as Sir Henry Clinton fills the position of General-in-Chief. The host of commissaries, deputy commissaries, barrack-masters, quartermasters, deputy quartermasters, probably were guilty of the frauds with which they were charged, but much of the evidence against them comes from disgruntled Tories who had been disappointed in their expectation of favors.

The time is now opportune, Mr. Wertenbaker remarks, for telling the story of loyalist New York, since many documentary sources have recently been made available. The papers of Sir Guy Carleton, in the library of Colonial Williamsburg, the Minutes of the Associated Loyalists, the Gage Papers, and the Sir Henry Clinton Papers, in the Clements Library at the University of Michigan, furnish a fresh commentary on the way in which the military government tried to cope with high prices, hoarding, profiteering, and speculation. The rascality of illegal traders, the shrewd cunning of place-seekers, the stubborn officiousness of petty administrators, the distress of displaced persons are told with a wealth of illustrative detail. In the end, the pleas for the restitution of civil government provide the unifying theme. Mr. Wertenbaker makes the record entertaining as well as instructive; and he deserves high praise for his refusal to force an analogy between military occupation then and now.

Muscovy Complement

THE CITY AND THE TSAR. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 368 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN "The March of Muscovy" Harold Lamb described how the petty trading post of Moscow ruled by tight-fisted princes who thrived as Tartar tax collectors grew to be the "Third Rome," seat of the Czars of All the Russias; while the Russian people pushed eastward until all the great Eurasian plain as far as the Pacific looked to Moscow as its capital. That unplanned march of the Muscovites was a response to the pull of the empty East. Meanwhile Moscow was subjected to another pull from the civilized West. It is the vaguely felt, imperfectly understood, but constantly stronger attraction of Western Europe as it acted on the Czars, and through them on the Russian ruling class, which is the chief subject of Lamb's present book. The central figure of the first book was Ivan the Terrible; in this one it is Peter the Great, and dynastic history of the Czars is continued from Alexis Romanoff (1645–1676) to the death of Elizabeth in 1761, but the real subject matter of both books is not the personalities of rulers but the major lines of force which have shaped Russian history. The books overlap chronologically and thematically; this one is a complement rather than a continuation of the first.

For color and drama and epic movement one can trust Harold Lamb. He has the story-teller's gift; he knows how to seize the vivid visual detail

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which calls to the imagination, how to marshal a hurrying crowd of anecdotes, heroic or romantic or absurd into significant order, how to maintain suspense from one sentence to the next. He is always entertaining. But it would be a mistake to dismiss him as one of those writers who find in history no more than the material for entertainment. Whatever some of his earlier books may have been, the two about Russia are not just an authentic historical pageant or a true romance in costume. They are seriously concerned with what the Russian state and the Russian people and the vast Russian land are like, and how they got that way. Mr. Lamb does not pretend to be an original scholar, though he makes a more careful and critical use of his authorities than his casual style might lead one to suppose. He does not pretend, either, to have invented all of his analysis of the tensions and accidents which imposed an autocratic service-state, almost a servile state, on the sprawling, amorphous mass of the Russian people, more than half alienated from their half-alien masters. He gives credit where credit is due. But there is more to history than the patient quarrying of facts and their thoughtful critical analysis. There is also the imaginative perception of their concrete wholeness and meaning, of the dramatic fusion in one moment of the personal act and the impersonal force, a perception which belongs to what Emery Neff calls "the poetry of history." That poetry brushes these books with its shining wing. For those who respond to it, it makes Lamb's Russian history a better guide to the understanding of our difficult neighbors than a dozen volumes of journalism and invective.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

STORY NARRATORS

Virginia Mahoney, of Berkeley, Calif., invites you to match up the names of these story tellers with the stories they told. Allowing three points for each accurate tie-up, a score of sixty is par, sixty-nine is very good, and seventy-eight or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. Abel Guevez de Argensola	( )	"The Ballad and the Source" (Rosamond Lehmann)
2. Pierre Aronnax, Prof.	( )	"The Broad Highway" (Jeffery Farnol)
3. Jim Burden	( )	"The Cask of Amontillado" (Edgar Allan Poe)
4. Christian Byam	( )	"Colonel Effingham's Raid" (Berry Fleming)
5. Jim Calder	( )	"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" (Charles Major)
6. Nick Carraway	( )	"Double Indemnity" (James Cain)
7. Ellen Dean	( )	"Erewhon" (Samuel Butler)
8. Phineas Fletcher	( )	"The Gentle Grafter" (O. Henry)
9. Marget Haldmarne	( )	"Great Expectations" (Charles Dickens)
10. Harry Haller	( )	"The Great Gatsby" (Scott Fitzgerald)
11. Jim Hawkins	( )	"Green Mansions" (W. H. Hudson)
12. Mr. Higgs	( )	"The Green Years" (A. J. Cronin)
13. Walter Huff	( )	"How Green Was My Valley" (Richard Llewellyn)
14. Ishmael	( )	"John Halifax, Gentleman" (D. M. M. Craik)
15. Katrin	( )	"Looking Backward" (Edward Bellamy)
16. Miss M.	( )	"Lord Jim" (Joseph Conrad)
17. Albert Marbury	( )	"Lorna Doone" (Richard Blackmore)
18. Marlow	( )	"Mama's Bank Account" (Kathryn Forbes)
19. Montresor	( )	"Memoirs of a Midget" (Walter de la Mare)
20. Huw Morgan	( )	"Moby Dick" (Herman Melville)
21. Jeff Peters	( )	"Mutiny on the Bounty" (Nordhoff and Hall)
22. Philip Pirrip	( )	"My Antonia" (Willa Cather)
23. Dr. Primrose	( )	"Now in November" (Josephine Johnson)
24. Rebecca	( )	"Precious Bane" (Mary Webb)
25. John Ridd	( )	"Rupert of Hentzau" (Anthony Hope)
26. Prue Sarn	( )	"The Scarlet Letter" (Nathaniel Hawthorne)
27. Robert Shannon	( )	"Steppenwolf" (Hermann Hesse)
28. Surveyor of Customs, Salem, Mass.	( )	"Treasure Island" (Robert Louis Stevenson)
29. Fritz von Tarlenheim	( )	"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (Jules Verne)
30. Malcolm Francois de Lorraine Vernon	( )	"The Vicar of Wakefield" (Oliver Goldsmith)
31. Peter Vibart	( )	"Wickford Point" (J. P. Marquand)
32. Julian West	( )	"Wuthering Heights" (Emily Brontë)

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Ideas and Studies.

One of the publishing commodities most certain of success during the year just departed was the book offering a simple yet sweeping formula for contented living. High on any recent list of best sellers are such titles as Dale Carnegie's slick "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living," Joshua Loth Liebman's shrewd "Peace of Mind," and Norman Vincent Peale's astute "Guide to Confident Living." Now a Roman Catholic priest, Father James Keller offers in "You Can Change the World" (reviewed below) some sage suggestions as to how ordinary citizens may achieve happiness. . . . In "Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits," also reviewed this week, the distinguished philosopher Bertrand Russell provides a lucid and often exciting exploration of some tortuous avenues of contemporary thought.

Semantics, Relativity, Probability

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE: ITS SCOPE AND LIMITS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 524 *pp.* $5.

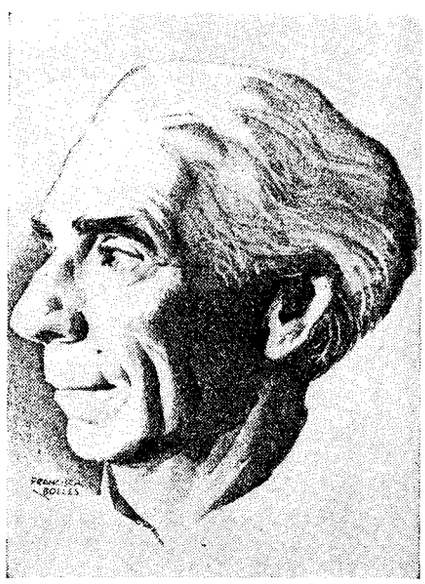
Reviewed by BRAND BLANSHARD

ONE would think that after recently completing both an 800-page history of philosophy and his seventy-sixth year, Bertrand Russell would be ready to rest for a time on his oars. But here he is again with another large and solid work in which he makes extended forays into some of the prickliest fields of contemporary study, such as semantics, relativity, and the theory of probability. There is no sign in these fifty-one chapters of any flagging of intellectual energy; all are compactly and lucidly written, and all, with one exception, new.

The knowledge Russell is concerned with is that of natural science. Regarding such knowledge there are two questions of prime interest. First, how does the scientist manage to pass from his own sensation to the world of stars and atoms? Secondly, how does he manage to pass from a few experiences to a general law? Russell's chapters are not laid out with reference to these questions, but the larger part of his book is an attempt to hew out solutions for them.

In answer to the first question he says that we never know directly anything in the physical world. Not only the colors we see and the sounds we hear, but also the hardness of a rock and the space we see it to occupy are mental, conscious, and private. Each of us lives in a world of his own. No one, for example, has ever seen the sun. "The astronomer's sun is inferred, it is not hot or bright, and it existed eight minutes before what is called seeing it." Russell once held that all the colors, sounds and shapes that we see had an existence of their own which continued after we had ceased to sense them. He no longer believes this. He now holds, as Berkeley did, that everything we experience in sense, even interstellar space as we see it, comes into being with our own consciousness and vanishes nightly when we go to sleep. The world of the physicist, in which there are stars and atoms moving in a uniform time in a public space, is entirely inferential. How do we manage the leap from the inner world to the outer?

It has been supposed at times that there must be some resemblance between the qualities we sense and their causes in the physical world, and that we can therefore argue from the character of the effect to the character of the cause. Russell finds no ground for this; a light wave is not *like* a sensation of yellow. So it is hopeless to know the qualities of physical things, if indeed they have any qualities at all. What we can know is their structure. We find our sense data arranged in certain patterns; they are outside each other in space; one comes before another in time. If we assume that the physical world is a set of x's arranged in roughly corresponding patterns, we can make predictions about it that are verifiable. We must admit that there is nothing certain about such knowledge. But it works well enough to supply us with bombs.



—*Francisca Bolles.*

Bertrand Russell—five new postulates.

The other great question of science is how we can pass from a few experiences—a few experiments in a laboratory, for example—to a law that holds everywhere and always. Russell answers here again that the leap cannot be made with certainty. Indeed, if we are looking for certainty, we get it in two places only: in logic, which unhappily can tell us nothing about the nature of things, and in reports of the moment's feeling, such as "I now feel pain." If anyone wants to hold that there is nothing in the universe except his experiences of the moment, there is no logical way of refuting him. Russell follows Hume in thinking that no event ever *implies* another event, and therefore that we cannot even be certain that the sun will rise tomorrow. Nevertheless we take this leap with confidence. What is needed to justify it?

The traditional answer has been "the postulate of the uniformity of nature"—that is, that the same cause will always give the same effect. But since this is neither self-evident, nor provable, nor even such that experience can make it probable, induction has turned out to be "the blind alley of the reason." Russell does not succeed in this book in rescuing it from that position. What he does succeed in doing is to analyze the old postulate into five new ones, which make it much plainer what we are doing in induction. They are all still unprovable, but experience confirms them.

There is less wit and epigram in this book than in some others of Russell's, but the famous style is there throughout. This style is the image of the man. There is little warmth in it, little rhythm or movement; logic is always and somewhat bleakly in command. The style has two merits: precision and clarity. And in the theory of knowledge these are just the qualities that are most important, and hence for writing in this field Russell's style is superb.

Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale, is author of "The Nature of Thought."

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Explosive, Contagious Idea

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. By James Keller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 243 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE title of this book makes it sound like one of those things high on the nonfiction best-seller lists which pander to the worries of the semi-literate, but leave the rest, illiterate and literate, cold and unmoved. Coming to it unprepared, the unsuspecting reader might well be excused for thinking he had before him, another of the answer books to the hows of all the impotencies to which man is heir.

Actually it is much more than that, and even much less. It is naive, insouciant, repetitious, and all the other things readers are apt to call writing which is disorganized and amateurish. But it has something which can make it epic—a simple, explosive, contagious idea. And if ideas are as important as we have been taught to believe, this one may in truth "change the world." To be sure, the idea is not new. Others than St. Paul have phrased the familiar advice to the Romans, "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good." Yet it seems that the obvious and the familiar must be rediscovered in every new context that is formed.

In brief, Father James Keller has discovered for himself what everyone knows, that Communists, Fascists, and other wicked or misguided fishes in the troubled waters of chaotic social relations comprise less than one per cent of the population of the United States. He has put this simple truth in italics, adding that if another one per cent of our population were as devoted to the democratic and Hebraic-Christian ideal as the first is to their opposite, the fundamental decency of the majority would triumph. As the author develops this notion, it takes on some of the simplicity of a chain letter, and some of the potentiality of chain fission.

Men and women who would challenge the ungodly through an active apostleship of democracy can become Christophers, a loosely organized band which is more a movement than a group. All one needs to become a Christopher is the determination to combat by example and by action the claims and principles of the anti-democratic materialists. So this is a kind of handbook pointing out by illustration the thousands of ways this can be done. Taking a leaf out of the Communists' book, the author urges Christophers to seek particularly ways of working in the four main fields of ideas, education, government, labor-management, and writing.

The Christopher movement is a fitting attempt to recapture from the Communists the sense of consecration and apostleship which they would seem to have taken from an earlier Christianity. As befits the cause of individual worth and dignity, it has no truck with iron discipline or party line. It merely asks its followers to live according to their principles and to use their talents in positive, everyday situations to the end that others will do the same.

Most written discussions of democracy vs. totalitarianism, of materialism vs. immaterialism are on abstract levels. The gap between the concrete and the philosophic inevitably is too great to do more than ponder. Since we respond most readily to clear and simple calls, maybe this is one which will accomplish more than sophisticated flourishes. "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness," Father Keller likes to quote.

James Keller—"misguided fish comprise less than one per cent of the population."

Thomas Merton in his spiritual autobiography says, "People have no idea what one saint can do: for sanctity is stronger than the whole of hell." If this is so, and one per cent of humanity should shift from selfish defense to unselfish offense, there still may be time.

The Libson Airs

By James R. Caldwell

SWEET airs and madrigals, madrigals
Blown to the cold shore.

Flogged, fettered and cast in the hold
The Lisbon brigands made a heedless music all the night,
A revel
Of tropical airs and glees:

In Portugal and picadors
Control the horses with their knees.

Thus sang they
And clanked their chains in time;
They ridiculed the winter and the land,
Invented curious gallantries
To fit the captain's doxy at the inn;
Rollicked all night
On the black water.

Blown to the cold shore,
The cold hearts,
Fettered and fortified with topics,
The times of meetings,
Prices and considerations,

(How could the dog in the nighttime
Shivering, settling his ring beside the tavern stair,
Be sure, in a salt wind,
Which ear-ringed bravo
Was the dead man?)

Last items entered in a marble book,
And knocked-out pipes, snuffed candles,
Covered fires,

How could they tell, or hear, the Lisbon airs!

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Personal History.

Citizens curious about a particular field of knowledge have long found the biography an attractive way to obtain an introduction. The shelf of personal histories reviewed this week should furnish pleasure and some instruction to persons of varied tastes. Are you interested in life on the high seas? Dod Orsborne's "Master of the Girl Pat" and Alan Villiers's "Set of Sails" will provide a lively start for your reading. Are your interests literary? Mary Roberts Rinehart's "My Story" tells of a born storyteller who worked hard to achieve considerable material reward. Are you curious about Africa or medicine? Albert Schweitzer writes interestingly of his work as a physician in "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest." Interested in music? Burl Ives's "Wayfaring Stranger" is the story of a singer of songs of social significance. And there is "Warrior Bard" about William Morris.

Spy and Saboteur

MASTER OF THE GIRL PAT. By By Captain Dod Orsborne. Edited by Joe McCarthy. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 278 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND GILLIGAN

I SHOULD begin my comment on this book of adventures with a warning about the title which, in some cases, might have a misleading titilating effect. Mastery over a girl named Pat is not involved. For "master" one should read "skipper." The *Girl Pat* is a Grimsby vessel, one of several that carried Dod Orsborne into the Mediterranean and elsewhere as an English spy and saboteur working against the Fascist plot to destroy the Spanish Republic. The title, added to the fact that truth is so much stranger than fiction in our day, made it seem wise to keep handy the recommended grain of salt, not an easy thing to do, salt being what it is. It is a pleasure to report that, although I made a move toward the grain now and then, I didn't actually take it (in a glass of ale) until the very last line, where the story-teller asserts that he is spinning the yarn to Joe McCarthy simply to raise funds for a jolly cruise to the Davari Islands. There the ladies resemble those of Omoo, Typee, and even of Bali. I can't accept his explanation. I rather think Captain Orsborne will be the first of us to go jetting to the moon, possibly to corner the moonshine market.

Since the book contains, in all its leagues and fathoms, not one sentence of a literary nature, and makes no pretension to the persuasive arts, for instance, of Defoe, it seems that the best way to report its content would be to catalogue the troubles that the author (hereinafter to be known as Orsborne-McCarthy) has set down. Putting aside various Lucilles, countesses, and street walkers, who are one and all made of flesh-colored celluloid, the sum of the catalogue gives the following: the life of a daring and braggart Scot who takes part, when a boy, in the glorious attack on Zeebrugge in the First World War, and tramples onward, through every political and military event in English

Captain Dod Orsborne "will be the first to go jetting to the moon."

history, until he winds up, half-dead from hunger, on the northern edge of the Sargasso Sea.

Between Zeebrugge and Sargasso, Orsborne-McCarthy keeps one in a terrible stew, adroitly flavored with one tablespoon of T. E. Lawrence and two and a half teaspoons of Graham Greene. A military depot, crowded with planes for Franco's friends in Libya, is blown sky-high by Orsborne-McCarthy "wrapped in a blanket so that I would look like an Arab." After a transfer, at last, to the *Girl Pat*, a military railroad near Casablanca receives the same rough treatment and under the same blanket. The vessel begins a dreadful flight from Fascist planes and destroyers. The flight is most agreeably interrupted by a new explanation of how the famous *Mary Celeste* happened to be abandoned in those waters long ago. This theory, Atlantis in nature, is a corker. The flight ends at Devil's Island, where Orsborne-McCarthy have already touched in an earlier incident.

By this time, our hero has become so famous that he is paid £5,000 by a London paper for his personal explanation of all these feats. Just the same, he is rudely pinched for stealing the *Girl Pat* and is jugged in an English jail actually called Wormwood Scrubbs. He goes free in time to parachute about in the new war, take the beachmaster's part at invasion time, go skipper of a corvette, and hit Burma in a Commando outfit. To get away from it all, Orsborne-McCarthy goes to sea again for what he hoped would be a solitary voyage across the Atlantic to us. Even this solitude is denied him: he finds a stowaway in the boat, an unfortunate character nicknamed Mr. McNasty, who, of course, turns out to be just another confidential agent.

Since there are hints of other books to come, I should like to point out as an old India hand (by means of Jim Corbett's "Man-Eaters of Kumaon") that we do not call a tiger's pug marks "paw marks"; and, as an old Sargasso hand, I must say I was troubled by the aftermast being dismasted.

Yo Ho Lads

THE SET OF SAILS. By Alan Villiers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 292 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

ALAN VILLIERS is the last of a race now effectively vanished—the boy who ran away to sea. To be sure, he did not really run away; it was with the full permission of his widowed mother that in 1919 he embarked aboard the training ship *Rothesay Bay* as a cadet in the merchant service. But long before this he had exhibited the characteristic stigmata—keeping his own register of ships, trying to persuade the friendly mate of a big Norwegian to let him stow away aboard, and making a futile effort to interest the local high school in substituting Scandinavian courses for Latin because he was bewitched by a little blonde girl on the deck of the bark *Asmund*.

It was both his fortune and his misfortune to be brought up into the

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heart of the Australian grain trade, the last great stand of the sailing clippers. His fortune, because he did learn all there was still to learn of the glory and majesty of one of the most beautiful creations of man; his misfortune, because he lived only through the decline and final extinction of the great days he loves so well. The big ships were being laid up for lack of cargoes, turned into coal barges; for a man who despised steam and even schooners, there were long periods on the beach, alternating with a voyage under an incompetent captain and a blind first mate who declared that a burning ship was an auxiliary steamer and sailed on past. To obtain a ship, Mr. Villiers even had to smuggle himself aboard a Finn; and there was a long interlude on a newspaper in Tasmania.

Yet to the end he kept and keeps faith with his ships. He used all the money he owned in fitting out the *Joseph Conrad* for a voyage around the world, and when that venture ended in financial failure, went to Arabia and sailed aboard the deep-sea dhows of the Indian Ocean, the last functional ships powered only by sail. His final chapter is a plea that people will look into the question of whether there may not be a place for deep sea sail—perhaps in the hands of the Germans, who certainly could not build up a war potential that way.

It is very persuasive, but let no one be mistaken; this is not a book of persuasion. It is an account of how men live in sail and why they live in it, told in a tone of golden reminiscence, to which it would be an error to apply the word "nostalgic." The reader is made a partaker with really extraordinary skill. One need know nothing of the handling of a square-rigger to appreciate the excitement of the *Lawhill* beating out of port against a headwind, or the deadliness of the *Grace Harwar*. A smooth book, an easy book to read, which without sugar-coating a form of life that was often hard and usually dangerous, is a fine memorial to something whose memory should not die.

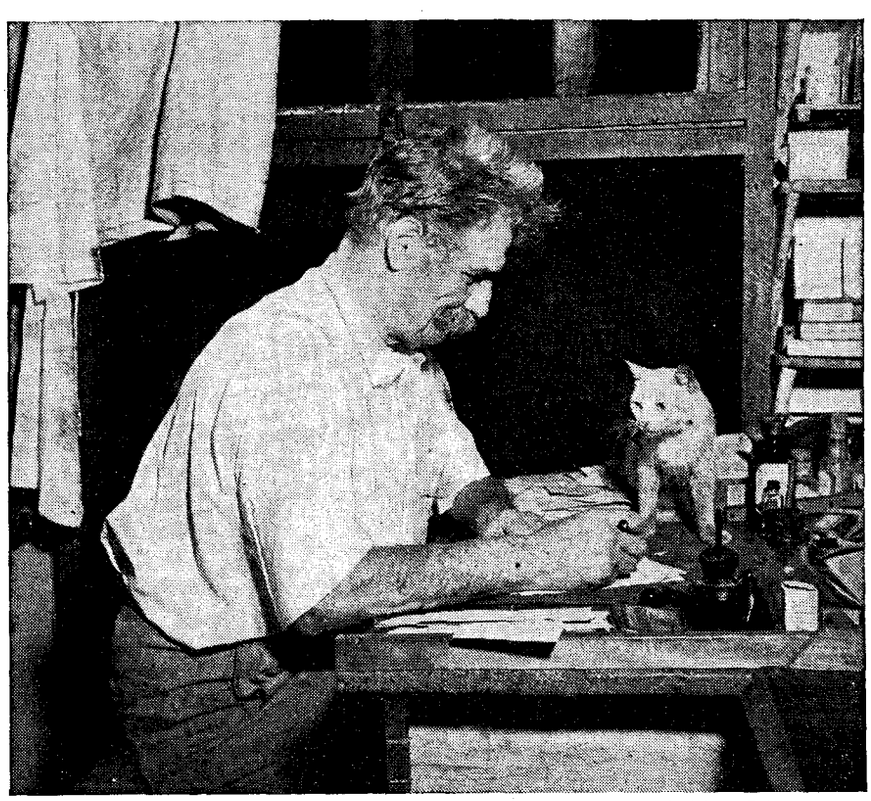
Hospital in the Jungle

ON THE EDGE OF THE PRIMEVAL FOREST and MORE FROM THE PRIMEVAL FOREST. By Albert Schweitzer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 222 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THE two books combined here in a single volume are a record of experiences and observations during the first two of the many periods in his life when Albert Schweitzer brought the blessings of European medicine to the natives of Equatorial Africa. Written originally in German, they have been translated into many languages and have been reprinted frequently in most of them. Their appeal for us today lies not so much in the text itself as in the life and work of the extraordinarily gifted man who wrote them. Albert Schweitzer has been called an authentic genius, one of the really great men of our era; his name has been linked with Gandhi's as a saint of the twentieth century. The list of his own writings is an imposing one and he has been made the subject of more than twenty books in English, French, German, Dutch, and Swedish, including a "Jubilee Book" published recently in the United States. A doctor in four separate fields—theology, philosophy, music, and medicine—he is at once a theologian, a philosopher of civilization, an authority on the religious philosophy of Immanuel Kant, perhaps the world's greatest authority on J. S. Bach, a concert organist, an organ-builder, a composer, a carpenter, an architect, an agriculturalist, surgeon, pharmacist, dentist, obstetrician, psychiatrist, Gifford Lecturer at Edinburgh, Hibbert Lecturer at Oxford, and so on in an almost unbelievable profusion of achievements. He distinguished himself in the fields of theology, philosophy, and music while still in his twenties and, at the age of thirty, became a student of medicine at Strasbourg, where he had formerly been a professor of theology.

Now, almost seventy-four years old, he is back again in his beloved Lambaréné on the Ogowe River in the French Congo, ministering once again to the natives of that region, curing them of dropsy, malaria, sleeping-sickness, elephantiasis, dysentery, blackwater fever, and other diseases, and carrying on the work he began some thirty-five years ago. In the two books under review one gains only a small and almost insignificant appreciation of their author. Here he merely describes, in a simple and informal fashion, the period in Africa from 1913 to 1917 and again from 1924 to 1927. Here is the cultivated and highly educated European as a forest doctor, building and rebuilding his hospital in the jungle, and doing much of the labor with his own hands. Unpretentious and quietly religious in tone, these books tell of two short episodes in the life of a man who, in his own phrase, dedicated himself to "the Fellowship of those who bear the Mark of Pain," and who went to Africa in order to prove, apparently, that he could practise the religion he had merely preached and professed.



—From "The Africa of Albert Schweitzer."

Albert Schweitzer—dedicated to those who bear "the Mark of Pain."

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Case History of an Anachronism

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN. By Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1949. 237 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

EVERBODY thinks he belonged to an unusual family, but the Gilbreths can prove it. They were two of twelve children, and that dismisses a lot of competition right at the outset. Their father was a consulting engineer; he

> organized Soc. Promotion Science of Management (afterwards Taylor Soc., the first of its kind); founder internat. museums for elimination of unnecessary fatigue of workers in the industries and hosps.; inventor of the micro-motion and chronocyclegraph processes for determining fundamental units and methods of industrial edn., and of methods for fitting crippled soldiers for industrial life.

So much for nine lines out of a forty-line entry in "Who's Who in America," Volume 13 (1924-1925), the last in which the elder Gilbreth appeared.

Twelve children and *that* kind of a father reduces the competition a lot further. Mother Gilbreth comes right after Father Gilbreth in the "Who's Who" listings—after him only because her first name is Lillian and his was Frank. "Consulting engineer," and so on. Both Brown Ph.D.'s. That ought to stifle any last remaining fragment of competition.

"Cheaper by the Dozen" is not, however, merely a remembrance of things past in a household geared to scientific management. (There is, of course, considerable of that, and it is highly includable—Father taking movies of the children washing dishes with a view to cutting out waste motion; Father posting charts in the bathrooms, whereon the children checked off duties fulfilled—bathing, tooth-brushing, hair-combing, bed-making.) There is an abundance of data on the basic economy of operating a household of fourteen people. The big family is on the way out, if it isn't out already—a fact which makes "Cheaper by the Dozen," among other things, the case history of an anachronism. Which, of course, is no fault of the brother-sister authors.

As story—as true story—"Cheaper by the Dozen" is always entertaining, occasionally hilarious, occasionally touching. Geographically, it covers a lot of ground—Nantucket to California, with the main accent on Montclair, New Jersey. It is sound Americana. It has a hero and a heroine. The heroine is worth knowing more about, and her author children hint that they are going to do something about it.

Donald McKay's drawings supplement the text with his customary competence.

A Lady of Letters

MY STORY. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 570 pp. $4.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART seems to have been born knowing how to tell a good story, and her gift does not leave her when she turns to recounting her own life. This is primarily the story of a successful author—how she began to write, how she succeeded, and if one were retitling it for melodrama it might well be called "The Price She Paid." Not that the author herself attacks it from that angle; indeed the most refreshing quality of the book is its honesty. Mrs. Rinehart does not either distort or overestimate her literary position; she has written to entertain, and the rewards which have come to her give an accurate and long-term picture of how well and how widely she has realized her intention.

On the other hand, Mrs. Rinehart makes no falsely modest attempt to underestimate, on esthetic or intellectual grounds, her very remunerative achievement, and she gives a clear picture of what it has cost her. Not for a minute does she represent writing for money as an easy life. Writing has, to be sure, brought her what would seem to most of the world a life of luxury—large houses, servants, yachts, cars, even a diamond necklace. But every one of these have been earned at the cost of tireless, unremitting work.

For the ten years when her children were small she deliberately repressed a desire to write, Mrs. Rinehart tells us. But from the moment when she sold her first piece of verse, written at the suggestion of her nurse to pass the time after an illness, she has not ceased her really astonishing output. In health and when convalescent, in times when all was well with her family and in moments of distress and anxiety, she has worked.

Let no one suppose, however, that Mrs. Rinehart's life has been either dull or one-sided. A husband who had a distinguished and satisfactory career in his own field of medicine, three sons whose claims on her she resolutely placed before those of her writing, filled her days. Years of working with the theatre, years of professional association with the outstanding editors, publishers, and journalists, her own assignments when she turned from fiction to articles and reporting, brought her into contact with many of the most distinguished figures of her day. She has enjoyed every bit of it.

Full of information for aspiring writers, "My Story" will be both in-

—Illustrations from "Cheaper by the Dozen."

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teresting and amusing to her huge public, who, simply because for so many years she has entertained and thrilled them, have become gratefully devoted to her. From her childhood, when, though always secure in love she had her moments of hardship and even tragedy, through her young days as a trained nurse, through marriage and the beginning of her literary life, she traces her life and her own development. The main section of this autobiography was published seventeen years ago; in this new edition the intervening years are written up, and new photographs are added. Once again "My Story" brings us up to date on an exceptional woman for whom life is still a pleasure, a challenge, and a privilege.

A Wandering Minstrel, Ives

WAYFARING STRANGER. An Autobiography of Burl Ives. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 253 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MORROE BERGER

IT IS unlikely that readers who are not Burl Ives fans will enjoy his autobiography, "Wayfaring Stranger," but his fans will love it. This book has the proper mixture of rustic sincerity and corn for the life story of one of America's most popular singers of folk songs.

In a straightforward manner, at times almost a caricature of what the critics like to call Hemingway's "lean prose," Burl Ives tells about his travels around the country and his rise to fame. It may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that he not the hayseedy Bob Burns kind of unlettered farmboy. Burl Ives at one time planned to teach school and even put in a couple of years at two Midwestern teachers' colleges, besides formally studying voice with many teachers of traditional singing styles.

Burl Ives found no easy success, for while he studied one kind of singing at which he wasn't very good, he enjoyed another kind that he did well but couldn't get people to pay for. He once won a talent contest run by the leader of a name band, but he refused this opportunity to become a singer of pop tunes. He had faith (dwindling, perhaps, but still pretty strong) that the unwritten folk songs he had learned from his family, neighbors, and on his travels would one day interest Americans who'd had enough of the Hit Parade and the boy-girl duets. It was the ultra-sophisticates, the New York Leftists, who gave this singer of rural tunes his first encouragement and popularity. Among Burl Ives's earliest champions was the actor Will Geer, who, if this reviewer remembers correctly, himself sang a wonderful folk tune about the day of judgment for the rich in Albert Bein's "Let Freedom Ring," produced in New York more than a decade ago.

"Wayfaring Stranger" is full of stories, too many of them pointless, but a few of them meaningful and interesting. Burl Ives likes to tell tales of unrequited love and strong passions about the people he knew in his youth in the farm country and small towns of Illinois and Indiana. When he reaches his New York years the locale and the characters appropriately shift to bars and drinkers, but some of the stories are still good. One of the best in the book is about the author's own visit, as a boy, to a lady over a hundred years old who'd once danced all evening with Henry Clay. Another good story tells of the time Burl Ives was jailed for singing in the park to pick up some change. After a day in the coop a policeman took him into the desert and told him, "There's the road. Now get the hell out of here and don't ever come back. If you do, you will end up by doing a lot of hard work and I can see that you are not the kind of a guy that would like that."

Reading "Wayfaring Stranger" raised two questions in this reviewer's mind about Burl Ives and his music. First, how can we account for the great interest urban sophisticates show in this rural music? A good measure, but by no means all, of this interest can be ascribed to the Leftists of an obvious variety who make it a political principle to laud anything that comes from "the people"—and folk music is the "people's music." But this is only part of the explanation. The second question is: how can we account for the extraordinary numbers of writers, artists, and entertainers who either have been (like Dos Passos and many others) or are now (like Norman Mailer and Burl Ives) under the influence of the Communists or those who front for them? Here "Wayfaring Stranger" offers a clue to one answer, for it describes how the Leftists were the first to recognize Burl Ives's talent and give him confidence and support. This book, then, has both musical and political significance: it tells how a wandering minstrel becomes a fellow traveler.

Burl Ives—"not the hayseedy Bob Burns kind of unlettered farm boy."

A Romantic Morris

WARRIOR BARD: The Life of William Morris. By Edward and Stephanie Godwin. New York: Chanticleer Press. 1948. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL ROLLINS

IN this small volume the authors undertake to tell in a highly romanticized manner the story of William Morris by short chapters devoted to the various episodes in his career, from his pony-and-armor days at Epping Forest at the age of eight, to the fitting end at Lechlade in the Thames Valley. There are several facts at the end of the volume which supplement Mackail's "Life"—Mrs. Morris's death in 1914, the death of Jenny and May in 1935 and 1939, and the dissolution of the firm of Morris & Co., in 1939. Beyond those items there is nothing in this sickly, sentimental, fervid volume which adds anything to the story so admirably and simply told by Mackail.

That there are certain points in Morris's career which would repay an enlightened consideration is realized. The relations of Morris, Mrs. Morris, and Rosetti have never been frankly examined. Rosetti, as one of his admirers has observed, was no gentleman, and Jane Burden did not possess that "intellect of Minerva," which, as one of Morris's biographers has pointed out, would have been necessary to satisfy her husband. The time may have come for a study of Morris's psyche, but it cannot be done by writers overwhelmed by esthetic adulation. There was tremendous vigor and masculinity in this man of which the Godwins' book gives little indication.

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Humor. *Not long ago, in this space, we observed that most humorous writing is highly perishable. We resisted the temptation to add the scarcely original comment that humor rarely survives export from the land to which it is indigenous. We were reminded of this latter truth recently when we penetrated an entire issue of the British humorous weekly* Punch *without being able to scare up a smile. The difference in what is considered funny on either side of the Atlantic is well illustrated in the two books reviewed below: Stephen Potter's "The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship" and H. Allen Smith's "Larks in the Popcorn." It is testimony to the quality of both that Americans are apt to find amusement in the quiet merriment of Potter's book, while their British cousins will probably get a laugh from Smith's sallies.*

Elegant Corruption of Sportsmanship

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF GAMESMANSHIP, or the Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating. By Stephen Potter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DILLON ANDERSON

HERE is a rare job in the field of humor by an Englishman, Stephen Potter, director of special features for the British Broadcasting Company. His treatise on gamesmanship (an elegant corruption of sportsmanship) is particularly refreshing in its salutary contrast with the (1) pratt, (2) pun, or (3) pie type of humor, into one of which three categories none can classify so much of the material with which our risibilities are currently being cudgeled by the pros.

Mr. Potter's full title describes, better than any fifteen words the reviewer can assemble, the climate in which his little volume is written: "The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship, or the Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating." Gamesmanship, in short, is psychological warfare used against an opponent in any kind of game—a sort of mental cruelty, as they use that term in Reno.

As is pointed out in one of the early chapters, hundreds of books have been written on the subject of games, hundreds on play and the tactics of play, but not on the art of winning. So the author proceeds to set out meticulously and in elaborately serious vein the precepts of gamesmanship and their application. He goes in for precise and sometimes complicated illustrations at completely unnecessary points; he employs copious footnotes of varying degrees of relevance, and he furnishes a complete index (as well as desultory cross-indexing throughout) in his serio-comic study. He then demonstrates the use of these techniques in golf, bridge, poker, tennis, badminton, darts, chess, pool, billiards, and other games. Completely deadpan still, he evangelizes:

> The way of the gamesman is hard, his training strict, his progress slow, his disappointments many. If he is to succeed, he must, for instance, read our next chapter on "Losemanship," with something more than concentration. He must *believe* that the precepts it contains are effective and *trust* that they make sense, and *want* to put them into action.

In illustrating the gamesman's technique in bridge, Mr. Potter says this of the "intimidation play":

> It is usual, as part of intimidation play, to *invent a convention* (if playing with a fellow-gamesman as partner). Explain the convention to your opponents, of course, *e.g.*:
>
> GAMESMAN: Forcing two and Blackwood's, partner? Right? And Gardiner's as well? O.K.
> LAYMAN: What's Gardiner's?
> GAMESMAN: Gardiner's — oh, simply this. Sometimes comes in useful. If *you* call seven diamonds or seven clubs and then one of us doubles without having previously called no trumps, then the doubler is telling his partner, really, that in his hand are the seven to Queen, *inclusive*, of the next highest suit.
> LAYMAN: I think I see. . . .
> GAMESMAN: The situation doesn't arise very often, as a matter of fact.

As might be expected in any situation where the author squeezes the last ounce of humor out of situations which are not, in their nature, necessarily funny, Mr. Potter's elaborations sometimes spill over into tedium. However, it is respectfully submitted that in the field of humor Mr. Potter has clearly demonstrated that he knows, as did Stephen Leacock and Robert Benchley, the difference between corn and caviar.

The Bucolic League

—From "Larks in the Popcorn."

LARKS IN THE POPCORN. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ABEL GREEN

THE zany Mr. Allen Smith of the Totem Pole and Puttyknife Smiths has gone and done it again. Maybe not as zany or madcap, nor even as hysterical, but he has managed to buck up the bucolic league into something which city slickers—like Mr. Smith used to be—might view with less alarm. For it develops that quite a few characters from the midtown Manhattan belt apparently are just as much at home under the shadows of *The Readers Digest* establishment in Pleasantville, N. Y. At least that's what Mr. Smith alleges, and since he's now an RFD kid from Mount Kisco, he should know about those Westchester and near-Connecticut goings-on. Incidentally, the author and his Nelle hoped to make Greenwich, but somehow got detoured up Chappaqua way, and that gave him the idea that there must be lots of other city folk to whom this might have happened. He found out. Like Tallulah and the Billy Roses, Phil Stong and the DeWitt Wallaces (although with them it's also a business). And of course there are less familiar byline neighbors—in fact, they don't know what a byline means. But somehow Smith has managed to integrate them all into "Larks in the Popcorn," which is no problem book for anybody, author or reader—major problem of both appears to be entertainment.

This he has accomplished reasonably well. For Mr. Smith can see humor in anything from boat-droppers and horse-droppers—that's a switch on name-droppers—to Victory Gardens, farming, his Westchester neighbors, and the like. Basically a shrewd reporter, Smith reaches into left-field sometimes for linking up a rather sensational newspaperese with the immediate scene, but in toto it makes for breezy reading.

Abel Green is editor of Variety.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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The Machine in Man's Image

IN our absorption in the countless inventions and discoveries labeled for use in the next war, writers have been neglecting other fruits of scientific research that may have as great an impact on human society as the splitting of the atom. The atomic bomb has blasted its way into our consciousness and has stunned the imagination to such an extent that announcements constantly flowing from the press of discoveries in other branches of science are forgotten the day after they have been read. Most of them are beyond the comprehension of the intelligent layman who can only grasp spectacular achievements and prophecies in science and mechanics if they relate to his own personal life. The recent statement of the designer of the jet plane which pierced the sonic barrier that with more power it could fly three times as fast, may mean to one man that he would be able to reach London in one hour, or to another that it might help us win the next war. The discovery by Dr. Niazi of Iraq of a simple test for cancer or by Dr. Kinoshita of Japan of a new form of cancer that can be transmitted by injection has an obvious meaning to every thoughtful person who is philosophic enough to contemplate his own demise. On the other hand the strenuous work that is proceeding to penetrate the mysteries of the atom or the greater mystery of the cosmic rays leaves the layman cold, though the final answers may change man's life, the manner in which he lives, and his entire philosophy. He can thus turn a blank face to Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert's question in *The New York Times*: "What shall we say of a power plant that will practically utilize cosmic rays to wreck atoms, create mesons in the process, and direct the mesons at the nuclei of atoms as common as the dirt in a back yard?"

IT IS not surprising that there is a large public waiting for the interpreters of science and an increasing number of people who has mastered some of the rudiments of scientific lore, so that the gifted scientist with the rare ability to translate the jargon of his profession into more or less plain English can now find it profitable to address the curious and anxious layman. A recent work* by a professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a case in point. Norbert Wiener has written about control and communication in the animal and the machine, for which he has invented a formidable name and the title for his book, "Cybernetics." A note on the cover states that it is a study of vital importance to psychologists, physiologists, electrical and radio engineers, physicists, anthropologists and physicians. He should have added, "and to all humanity." "Cybernetics," in short, is about the development, theory, and philosophy of what the science fantasy writers have long known as the mechanical brain, but the subject is so complex, so awe-inspiring in its relation to the future and to all of the sciences to which it is related, that the worthy professor has managed to startle those who have tried to read it almost as much as if he had invented another kind of earth-shaking bomb.

Most of us have read, or have heard, that a few of these mechanical monstrosities had been built and are busily solving in a few seconds abstruse mathematical problems that would take weeks or months of concentrated mental toil. But before this book was published it was not known to the ordinary man the lengths to which the human imagination could carry these massive combinations of tubes, meters, gauges, photo-sensitive cells, electronic devices, scanners, and other magical devices known or still in the womb of time. As reported by *Time* magazine, some calculators "remember" by means of electrical impulses circulating for long periods around closed circuits. The latest are built around electron tubes which when stimulated "give a simple yes or no answer like nerve cells in the human brain." Others use scanning as in television. These machines are an attempt to copy what we have learned about the human brain. They are emerging as mechanical minds, or as Professor Wiener writes, "The modern ultra-rapid computing machine was in principal an ideal central nervous system for an apparatus for automatic control; and that its input and its output need not be in the form of numbers and diagrams, but the readings of artificial sense organs. . . . We are already in a position to construct artificial machines of almost any degree of elaborateness of performance."

At the end of his preface Professor Wiener shrinks from the significance of what he has written. The men who have been engaged with him in the new science of cybernetics have the same awe and fear of their invention as the men who made possible the atomic bomb, for it is another "social potentiality of unheard-of importance for good or evil." The automatic factory, the assembly-line without human hands, are only so far ahead of us as is limited by our willingness to spend the effort used, for example, in the development of radar in the Second World War.

SO THE realization of the dream of the inventors of the most imaginative utopias has come to pass and the human race will have a most effective collection of mechanical workers perform its labors. All disagreeable or hard tasks will be done away with as easily as the machine shovel and the bull-dozer has done away with the pick and shovel. We will, of course, have to invent a new form of society if man is to be the master of the machine brain. The normal human mind will be worthless in competition with mechanical perfection when man has created the machine in his own perfected image. This is the second industrial revolution, which only the skilled administrator and the skilled scientist may survive, writes Dr. Wiener. It is typical of modern scientific and mechanical invention. It holds out in one hand relief from toil, a permanent vacation for the masses, and in the other hand a period of transition before the machine monster takes over in which millions may starve or kill themselves and each other as the result of universal frustration and all the miseries that come from confessed ineptitude and uselessness. There is only one note of cheer to add to this abysmal and undoubtedly veracious conception. The novelist and the poet will also survive and with them the other arts of which the professor says nothing.

—H. S.

* *CYBERNETICS. By Norbert Wiener. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.* 1948. 194 *pp.* $3.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Vittoz Dissertation

SIR: Since publication of an article on the work of Dr. Vittoz [*SLR*, Oct. 30] your readers have seen a good many letters of inquiry, sent to you, about this original and greatly gifted Swiss doctor.

I note that a number of people have tried without success to secure more information, and in particular a monograph written in Pennsylvania some years ago about Dr. Vittoz. One of my younger-generation French friends, Dr. Michel Baudry, wrote his doctor's thesis on the work of Dr. Vittoz, last year. The material difficulties in France make it impossible to have doctors' theses printed. Dr. Baudry's was mimeographed, with of course, only a few copies. But it is possible that he has or could have made, a few extra copies, and he might be interested in corresponding with Americans interested in Dr. Vittoz's ideas.

His address is Docteur Michel Baudry, Colonie Familiale, Dun-sur-Auron (Cher), France.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

Arlington, Vt.

Muller vs. Lysenko

SIR: H. J. Muller is a scientist of considerable renown. His position as a Nobel prize winner in 1946 and his work in genetics is unparalleled. His recent tour of lectures, wherein he applied many of his genetic theories to the human being, became not only unscientific but emotional. For a man of his caliber he should be condemned for these tactics.

In the articles published in *SRL* Dec. 4 ["The Destruction of Science in the USSR"] and Dec. 11 ["Back to Barbarism—Scientifically"], here, too, he is tinged with emotionalism, although the basis for his remarks is undoubtedly sound and undoubtedly the Russian attitude is a step backward to barbarism. However, his lack of a scientific approach to the subject, and his emotional taint in both these articles and in his lectures, detract from the value of his work.

S. F. THOMAS, M.D.

Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: Professor H. J. Muller was guilty, in a way, of the same sort of political invective of which he accuses the USSR. The controversy between the Soviet academicians and the rest of the world is theoretically, at least, a question of science, with definite formulations, principles, and results. The first two or three pages of his article are political diatribe, adding nothing to the subject and if anything, making suspect Professor Muller's rejection of the Soviet theory. There is only one paragraph in five pages of printed matter, where an attempt is made to present the Lysenko-Present Theory, but I must confess neither its presentation nor its refutation is completely clear to me.

To compare the Nazi theory of genetics, "the master race theory," with the Soviet theory of environmental reaction as Professor Muller has done, and say that they have the same end result, is tautology at its worst. The Nazi theory was based upon heredity, that the qualities of any nation are transmitted only through the members of that nation and therefore any other nation is exempt from the attributes of the "master" nation. On the contrary, the Soviet theory, with environment as its dominant factor, proposed that any nation or any people, however backward, with the proper environmental factors, with proper nutrition, education, culture, economical, political and social factors could achieve results equal to or better than any other nation. Obviously these opposite theories cannot, by any manner of logical acrobatics, be reconciled.

It seems to me that Professor Muller had a great opportunity to specifically make available the characteristics of Lysenko's theory in a clear and concise fashion; which would leave no ambiguity, and then he could proceed to refute the arguments in a precise and scientific fashion. He has done none of this.

A. I. FRIEDMAN, M.D.

Hackensack, N. J.

SIR: I was not favorably impressed by the vehemence with which Mr. Muller denounced Soviet theories of genetics, without once offering any really conclusive evidence of why he thought they were unsound.

In fact, the Soviet doctrine of total malleability, by environment, seems to me to hold much promise, and in fact to be more in accord with Christian principles, than the one Mr. Muller espouses. I seriously doubt whether the evidence to back Mr. Muller's doctrine is as conclusive as he says it is.

On the larger question of regimentation, however, Mr. Muller and I can agree entirely. Although regimentation is involved in questions of degree. When, however, regimentation encroaches upon the realm of intellectual integrity, under sanctions of physical violence, it has gone too far by any standard. The spectacle of such regimentation in Russia, therefore, must distress every fair-minded observer.

But, and it is an important but, the sort of attack upon that regimentation that "The Destruction of Science in the USSR" represents is equally to be deplored, as the first small breeze of a quite as threatening storm of regimentation here in our own land of freedom.

WM. S. MAXWELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: If Soviet science is perverted to serve political ends, it cannot seek the truth; and without seeking the truth, it will be unable to achieve practical ends. Inasmuch as the Soviet Government is attempting to conquer the non-Soviet world, we should welcome anything that decreases its ability to conquer us.

DOUGLAS WHITE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: H. J. Muller appears to be to

"You know you can't say *anything* in twenty-five words or less."

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stir up a tempest where there isn't even a teapot. What is there so delicate in the character of our scientists that they virtually disintegrate when asked whether they are Communists? Why not ask them? Why are they so averse to admitting what they are?

Mr. Muller is a geneticist. Will he assure us that genetics as a science is more advanced in Soviet Russia than in the U. S.? If not, then who is going "Back to Barbarism, Scientifically"?

R. W. Riis.

South Kent, Conn.

Sir: I salute *The Saturday Review* for publishing H. J. Muller's factual, forthright, yet temperate indictment of totalitarian science USSR style. Yours is a service to the cause of clear, informed thinking on the No. One Question of our time: Russia, Whither Bound?

Without wishing to be alarmist, I wonder if it is possible to find a writer who can tell us the facts on USSR education as it relates to the larger questions of international cooperation vs. isolationist-chauvinist nationalism. The model for such an article is Charles A. Beard's informed and prophetic article in *Foreign Affairs* back in 1936: "Education Under the Nazis."

Carlton F. Wells.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Comics in Wisconsin

Sir: Recently the attorney general of the State of Wisconsin upheld the power of the Milwaukee County Board to create an advisory committee that would censor objectionable books and magazines such as comics.

We, in the public library, have approached the problem from a different angle. Avoiding negative censorship, we turned to the device of publicity by setting up the exhibit pictured here. The present display is in line with our belief that if enough parents can see the comic horrors in a fair comparison with good literature for children they will choose the mental nourishment and reject the dope.

Front and center in the display is Dr. Wertham's *SRL* article "The Comics . . . Very Funny" [*SRL*, May 29]. Books for the display were carefully selected by our children's librarian and the comics, we must confess, were borrowed from our district attorney's office. Actual construction of the exhibit was done by our staff artist Elmar Bode.

Gerald P. Caffrey.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"Geigers"

Sir: Unless there have been some very recent units in nuclear physics, I do not believe it is correct to imply Geiger counters count "Geigers" as stated in the review of "No Place to Hide" [*SRL* Dec. 11]. Check a physics book or get a good scientific reader.

Albert Petraites.

Baltimore, Md.

Sir: You have somehow managed to add a new and fourth type of radiation deriving from an atom-bomb explosion. Until now physicists have been able to identify alpha, beta, and gamma radiation in the aftermath of an explosion. Now, comes your statement that ". . . the presence of Geigers emitted by a uranium bomb can be measured by a counter . . ."

Unless there is much more to that statement than meets the eye, I think you have garbled the meaning of the term Geiger counter. To my knowledge, the Geiger counter is an instrument designed to measure the amount of beta particles in any given vicinity. It also happens to have been developed by a man named Geiger who worked in collaboration with a man named Müller.

Myron Emanuel.

New York, N. Y.

Sir: I agree I must have looked like the world's biggest ignoramus in my use of the term "Geigers." I should have realized in writing the review that this colloquial usage was by no means common, even though at Bikini alpha and beta particles and gamma rays were frequently lumped together under the term "Geigers." In his book "No Place to Hide" Dr. Bradley has used the same short cut. If I had had my wits about me in writing the review, I would have encased "Geigers" in quotation marks. At least that might have indicated I was not a leading candidate for the simpleton of the year.

Norman Cousins.

New York, N. Y.

A Yank

Sir: In publishing my "Three Riddles for Shaw" [Oct. 30] you describe me as a "British journalist." No, *Sir*, I am an American, "bawn and raise'" in Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

When after working for three years in New York City, I arrived here, aged twenty-one, to help the late Curtis Brown (then London correspondent of the old *New York Press*) to develop an American newspaper syndicate he had founded, I intended to spend no more than a few years abroad, by way of enlarging my outlook. But I got rooted here by a subtle process and here I have remained (now past fifty, alas!).

I have made many trips "back home," correspond with relatives and friends in USA, read American publications greedily—and never think of myself as other than a "Yank."

Hayden Church.

London, Eng.

Kansas Harness-Maker's Son?

Sir: As one who has enjoyed the privilege of working with Mr. Robert E. Sherwood in the theatre, and as an individual of a political persuasion which made it possible for me to enjoy practically every aspect of his fine book on FDR and Harry Hopkins, I was highly gratified to find *SRL* naming the work the Book of the Year in the Dec. 4 issue.

However, as a professional Iowan, numbered among those who are inordinately proud to share the city of Mr. Hopkins's birth (Sioux City, Iowa); as one also pleased to have spent some time in the cloisters of his old school (Grinnell); and, as a former worker in the vineyards of Harry Hopkins's Federal Theatre, I was dismayed to find you referring to him as the son of a Kansas harness maker!

Robert Downing.

New York, N. Y.

Books, 5¢ a Lb.

Sir: As an incorrigible book browser, I have, in the course of my day, seen all types of devices indulged in by booksellers to dispose of surplus stock. But I would have never believed, had I not seen it with my own eyes, that books would be on display in the window of a responsible bookseller on Broadway marked "5¢ a *pound*, six *pounds* for a quarter."

Let it not be said that the ton of books on display constituted trash. They were books of a former day, and, in most instances, in relatively good condition. Books may be merchandise, but it does seem to me that booksellers do themselves, and the book-loving public, a great injustice in reducing their merchandise to the high and valued status of lowly green groceries.

Ilo Orleans.

New York, N. Y.

—*Gene Suchecki.*

The Milwaukee Public Library offers a choice.

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Belles-Lettres.

If anyone seeks evidence of the cataclysmic effect of politics and economics on literature since World War I, he should look at the fields of belles-lettres and criticism. Today the works of writers of the past, as well as of those of the present, are being examined in the light of their social implications. The same tendency is reflected in the publication of such a volume as "Art and Criticism" (reviewed below), a miscellany edited by Dorothy Norman and others, which reprints such documents as the Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution as being of vital concern to artists and their work. Nor can one read an anthology like Joshua Kunitz's "Russian Literature Since the Revolution" (another of this week's books) without reflecting upon the social and political experiment that so greatly influenced its contents.

Treasury of Salvaged Talk

THE BOOK OF GREAT CONVERSATIONS. Edited by Louis Biancolli. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 570 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE written word is a hardy growth, with amazing powers of survival and resurrection. It is even possible, despite the weight of adverse probability, that the lost books of Livy are not lost beyond all finding; that we shall not always be denied the perhaps dubious pleasures of reading Theopompus's vanished "Hellenica" and the universal history of Ephoras. But the spoken words of the great talkers—words once alive with emphasis and accent, tone and timing—are really gone; the famous conversational masterpieces which they composed are really past recall.

If the most brilliant and delicate flowers of the conversational art cannot travel in time, we are still the heirs of much past talk that is interesting, amusing, informative, stimulating, revealing, and historically important. No other evidence than Mr. Biancolli's rich collection is required to demonstrate the fact. It was a happy chance that led this avid ransacker of world literature to stumble on four dialogues of Michelangelo, and it was an even happier chance, for the reading public, when this accident gave Mr. Biancolli the idea of making "an anthology or treasury of such salvaged talk," composed in large measure of dialogues "threatened with ultimate interment in forgotten books."

A few of the editor's items are famous, but many more are not, and a half-dozen of the dialogues have been put into English for the first time. The variety is fascinating. Socrates speaks his immortal last words to Crito and his jailer. H. G. Wells sits down with Stalin, in 1936, and tries to convince the probably amused Russian dictator that Stalinism and the New Deal are really sister political systems under the skin. Madame d'Épinay patiently listens to Rousseau's analysis of her character on one occasion, and on another shows him the door. Clemenceau, discoursing in his old age on the unreliability of Greek history and the magnificence of the Hellenic achievement, sums up by saying: "You must travel by way of Greece to get anywhere you're going."

Bismarck entertains a bogus Spanish grandee during the siege of Paris; Boswell and Rousseau exchange inanities to their mutual satisfaction; Lincoln outwits Stanton, to save a soldier's life; Rodin and Anatole France become reconciled after a breach; Tennyson quotes Keats with wonder; Stendhal boorishly advocates free thought; Shaw and Chesterton delight in the reciprocal hostilities of their famous feud; and Benjamin Franklin clashes with Lord Hillsborough over the interests of the Massachusetts colonists. The future author of "The Three Musketeers" has growing pains, for which a more experienced friend recommends an excellent course of study. Heine shows his skill as a conversational sniper. Casanova and Voltaire, quoting Ariosto to each other, vie in their admiration for the Italian poet. Renan says, "The Germans have very few pleasures, and of these the greatest are hatred, meditation, and vengeance."

These dialogues differ widely in their degrees of reportorial accuracy and immediacy. Some, like the Goncourts' records of the Magny and Brébant dinners, "sweat authenticity"; while others, like Laurence Housman's version of his Parisian meeting with Oscar Wilde and Robbie Ross, in the days of Wilde's exile, are obviously artistic reconstructions. But Mr. Biancolli presents each for exactly what it is worth, and there is not one that is not interesting in one way or another. I must add that not least among the attractive features of this attractive book are the editor's lively, informative notes, in which he skilfully sets the scene for each conversation. The translations, many by Mr. Biancolli himself, are almost uniformly condign, with only an occasional jarring note. Finally, I would recommend "Great Conversations" as an ideal volume for dipping, were it not for my strong suspicion that any reader who once dips will find it impossible to command the necessary patience to spread his complete enjoyment of this book over more than one or two sittings.

Cultural Resistance

ART AND ACTION. Edited by Dorothy Norman, Mary Lescaze, Richard Wright, Brom Weber. New York: Twice a Year Press. 1948. 583 *pp.* $4.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. ROLO

NOT long after Dorothy Norman's "Twice a Year" was first published in 1938, St. Clair McKelway was writing in *Harper's* that "Babbitt," the stock-market crash, and the Roosevelt Administration had brought about "the triumph of the writers over the businessmen." Today, as Twice a Year's tenth anniversary issue makes its appearance—it is not an anthology of previous numbers but "a book of literature, the arts and civil liberties" entitled "Art and Action"—Washington is backtracking toward "normalcy," and the moral climate is an oppressive one.

We have been witnessing—as part of the campaign to discredit the New Deal and its works—attempts to discredit American intellectuals *en bloc* as Communists, fellow travelers, or crackpots. (One example: in the current books by Eugene Lyons and John T. Flynn, "intellectuals" are the ob-

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Richard Wright—letters.

Roger Baldwin—liberties.

Ignazio Silone—parties.

ject of bitter and sustained abuse.) Meanwhile, the witch-hunters and the racialists wage war on civil liberties. On the international front, the problem of fighting Communism without bolstering reaction or courting self-destruction puts the liberal conscience at a disadvantage vis-à-vis the so-called "realists," who know what they want and don't seem to care if it means suicide. On the economic front, inflation has affected artists and writers perhaps more than any other group. Rising living costs have forced many of them into the commercial treadmill, leaving them less opportunity for discussion and group action. Rising printing costs have drastically curtailed the output of noncommercial literature. In this context, "Art and Action" is by way of being the manifesto of a widely dispersed cultural resistance movement. It is cosmopolitan and humanist (therefore anti-Stalinist), informed, idealistic, and (in Sartre's phrase) socially "engaged" — an extremely stimulating and valuable compilation.

The book opens with the full text of Sartre's "The Respectful Prostitute," ably translated by Lionel Abel. Two letters by Richard Wright catch the "odd and vibrant spirit in Italy" and probe "that sodden hopelessness which seems to be bogging down the French." Stephen Spender's searching essay on "The Spiritual Future of Europe" makes the glib punditry of some of our high-priced correspondents sound like the prattle of bumptious, dimwitted children.

In the varied political material about Europe, a common denominator is apparent. Silone warns that it would be catastrophic for Italian politics to become polarized around a Russian and an American party. Richard Wright stresses that the crucial moral issue has nothing to do with the struggle between the extremes of Right and Left; both have the same yardstick of value—unbridled industrialism. Spender makes that issue more explicit:

> For Europeans, the American system of freedoms, with the struggle for world markets, free enterprise, and so on . . . is simply a collection of all the nineteenth-century doctrines of individualism, which have led to the present European disasters. . . . The problem of Europe is of reconstructing liberal humanism within a social justice which answers the century-old challenge of Socialism that individualism means exploitation.

Of the literary critics, Simone de Beauvoir contributes a trenchant piece on metaphysics in the novel. (Ironically, her own fiction, with its rigid existentialist categories, violates the very cannons she underscores.) An extract from Malraux's complex and brilliant "The Psychology of Art" explores what Ortega y Gasset termed "the dehumanization" of art. Most notable is the study of Dos Passos, the acutest I have seen, by the Swiss critic Claude Edmonde Magny.

Among the political documents are the Marshall Plan speech; the political program of Americans for Democratic Action; and the Preliminary Draft of a World Constitution. The section on civil liberties includes extracts from the filibuster against FEPC legislation; a report by Roger Baldwin on American liberties, 1947-48; the Draft of the International Declaration on Human Rights, and a lengthy extract from the hearings before the Committee on Un-American Activities, which forms a sinister pendant to an earlier item: the immensely moving last letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. The verbatim transcript of the hearings on the Hollywood writers is far more horrifying than the newspaper accounts. The quasi-moronic speech of some of the "friendly" witnesses, the interrogators' brazen use of "leading" questions, the brutal handling of the writers and their attorneys—together they have something of the nightmare impact of a Kafka novel.

An anthology of nearly 600 pages is bound to have its weak spots. Brecht's treatise on "Writing the Truth" (under Hitlerism) might have given place to something from postwar Germany, and the editors could profitably have made room for a sample of the vigorous fiction now being written in Italy. A certain number of items are too fragmentary to be of real interest. Yet "Art and Action" has been compiled with taste and wisdom. It richly justifies its title.

Trapping Weather

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

THE cloud is skinkled at the edges
With red flashes.
The bulldozer of thunder rumbles through it
Crunching hail stones.
Bats zig-zag crazily for cover.
Wood-ticks tighten their hold on weed stems.
Inside of a hollow log
Rabbits pile each on each.
Fur quivering, fear-blinded,
Small creatures scamper confusedly
Through the underbrush, s e e k i n g shelter.

At the edge of the forest an old man,
Stooped on one knee,
Carefully sets a trap.

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Persistent Obsession

VOYAGES TO THE MOON. By Marjorie Hope Nicolson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 297 pp. $4.

Reviewed by BERGEN EVANS

SCARCELY a week passes in which some enthusiast does not make the headlines by assuring us that a journey to the moon is now feasible, and scarcely a day passes after this pronouncement before some savant makes the headlines by pointing out the difficulty, danger, and improbability of the attempt. And the astonishing thing is that each and every statement and counterstatement is regarded by the one making it and the papers publishing it as a new and startling conception. Plainly, as the ancients perceived, though our bodies are held within the earth's gravitational field, our minds are governed by the moon.

If Miss Nicolson's book did nothing else but document the antiquity and persistence of humanity's obsession with flying to the moon, it would be worth the reading. But there is much more. What whiffs and whimsies, what figmental fancies, what bold imaginings she has unearthed in her ten years' avocation! Her book would have delighted Burton, c h a r m e d Lamb, and exalted Lowes. There is Domingo Gonsâles, borne aloft by shackled geese, Cyrano de Bergerac drawn up with the dew, and Pier Martello, rowed through space by a hundred apes in blue and yellow liveries. Some mount in dreams. Some are transported by angels. Some tie feathers on their arms and churn the air. Some use the loadstone, others vacuumed spheres of metal. Stout Murtagh McDermot designed to place himself "in the Middle of ten wooden Vessels, placed one within the other," the outermost widely hooped with iron, and then blow himself up with "7,000 Barrels of powder."

From Lucian to C. S. Lewis, she sweeps the field. It is amazing, when it is thus all brought together, to see how recurrent a theme these aerial fantasies are in literature. Miss Nicolson is at her best in her analyses of Swift's Flying Island and "Alice in Wonderland," the latter of which, she makes clear, belongs, really, more to the genre of the cosmic voyage than to that of the fairy tale.

Paradoxically, the cosmic voyage as a literary form began to decline from the time of the first balloon ascents, from the time, that is, when the dream began to show a possibility of realization. Fancy was subordinated to plausibility and plausibility's only value is to enhance fancy. Until finally the comic books, in which interplanetary voyages are far more common than clothing, have achieved the sad miracle of making the fantastic pedestrian.

Miss Nicolson's erudition is immense but there's a hint of pedantry in her style. Quotations sometimes seem to be dragged in by force and held in place with synthetic gust. She loads every rift with ore and then takes a mallet and pounds in a little bit more. The conception of source-hunting as the great end of scholarship often gets the upper hand of her humor and genuine interest in absurdity for its own sake. Still, these are but trifles and they might be defended as being traditional and obligatory with this sort of a book.

There is a good bibliography, with comments, and a thorough index.

Soviet Sampling

RUSSIAN LITERATURE SINCE THE REVOLUTION. Edited by Joshua Kunitz. New York: Boni & Gaer. 1948. 932 pp. $6.

Reviewed by GEORGE FISCHER

NO earlier collection has offered as sizable a sampling of Soviet literature in English as this.

Works of forty-seven authors are featured: four novels (by Sholokhov, Fadeyev, Katayev, and Krimov), twenty short stories, nine excerpts from novels, twenty-two poems, and four essays (by Lenin, Stalin, Gorki, and Ehrenburg). Useful bibliographical appendices are also included.

Russian-born himself, Dr. Joshua Kunitz, editor of the anthology, has taught Russian literature and history at the City College of New York, Cornell University, and Middlebury College. For this anthology he has provided a short general introduction and a foreword to each of four chronological sections: (war Communism, NEP, five-year plans, war and post-war). Alongside with helpful literary data, Kunitz here enunciates, in Yankeefied terminology, the official Soviet view on literature and politics.

True to his exuberant espousal of Soviet life and letters, Kunitz states in the introduction that "even the most negative aspects of Soviet experience are shown up with extraordinary fidelity" in its literature. He believes, too, that "as long as Soviet art and literature are freely accessible, no reader of imagination and good will has cause to complain about riddles . . . and iron curtains." What he does not mention anywhere is that the Soviet writer today can continue to be published only while conforming to the canons of the state, and that this thoroughly circumscribes his opinions and his choice of topic, style, and genre.

Already some twenty years ago the growing control of literature was institutionalized. Kunitz alludes to this —but, as elsewhere in his commentary, he omits important facts. For a "rigid literary dictatorship" was not then introduced because most "proletarian" and "neo-bourgeois" authors could not on their own fathom the New Soviet Man, nor kept up merely by "some hotheads," as Kunitz implies. Rather, that "literary dictatorship" was executed by RAPP (Russian Association of Proletarian Writers) with the express backing of the Soviet Government, and formed a part of the further lessening of public heterodoxy at the time.

Since then government control has hardly lessened. Hence Kunitz might have been more specific in his statement that since World War II the official "Socialist Realism [has been] vigorously reasserted by the Soviet leaders." He may have added, for instance, that the highest authorities have censored authors (like the popular satirist Zoshchenko), that they discontinued literary journals as well as removed editors and the president of the central Union of Soviet Writers, and that Stalin's deputy, the late Andrei Zhdanov, has thundered public anathema at numerous sus-

—From "Voyages to the Moon."

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pected heresies in postwar Soviet writing.

The USSR has given the favored writer greater well-being and public standing, and its literature can be vigorous and most revealing of Soviet life. But any system which controls centrally all the means of publishing (as well as of material existence and public activities) is very apt to confine literary output severely to suit a particular outlook. Sovietism has done that. And where expression is controlled sternly and effectively, no extensive airing of facts and opinions can be expected. That, in essence, is an "Iron Curtain," the existence of which within Soviet Russia Kunitz does not decry or even admit.

As to omissions, one appears to me particularly regrettable in "Russian Literature Since the Revolution." Although Kunitz writes (somewhat sorrowfully) that "for almost fifteen years these anti-Marxist and non-Marxist schools and trends dominated Soviet literature both in quality and quantity," these are hardly represented. There are no works by such important writers as Pasternak (Soviet Russia's "poet's poet"), Pilniak, Zamyatin, and Olesha.

This collection of Soviet literature underscores a paradox in our Russian studies. At a time when both scholars and American public opinion are generally critical of the Soviet Government, a number of the most handy and frequently used reference and textbooks are partisan to it. "Russian Literature Since the Revolution" is a case in point. Other such works include "Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad," by Frederick L. Schuman, "The Peoples of the Soviet Union," by Corliss Lamont, and "Soviet Philosophy," by John Somerville. Recent additions, besides this literary anthology, are "Soviet Economic Development Since 1917," by Maurice Dobb, and "Medicine and Health in the Soviet Union," by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist.

Perhaps that is as it should be. An antidote to extreme anti-Sovietism may be provided by Soviet-oriented writing. This will be true even when such writing may lack quality and candor, as does Kunitz's commentary in the otherwise valuable anthology reviewed here. Moreover, Americans should have much greater contact with the Soviet point of view, and learn to deal with it without sheer name-calling or inability to identify it readily.

George Fischer, son of Louis Fischer, well-known journalist, grew up in the USSR and has been a student of that country for many years.

New England. *For as long as living men can recall, the decline of New England has been noted in works of fact and fiction. Not long ago the press reported that the longtime drift southwestward of such basic industries as textile- and shoe-manufacturing, temporarily checked by the wartime economy, has again set in. When the "Literary History of the United States" was published recently, critics commented that it provided the first survey of American literature in which New England did not occupy center stage. Be that as it may, the many Americans who still remember the northeastern states nostalgically will find delight in Elizabeth Coatsworth's happy "South Shore Town" and George Bean's shrewd "Yankee Auctioneer."*

A Civilized Place to Live

SOUTH SHORE TOWN. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 201 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

TO LINK hands with the past and draw it easily into the living present; to remember other habits, other ways without ticking them off as quaint; to measure the stature of men long dead without making them seem more than heroes and less than human —these are indeed hard things. Yet Elizabeth Coatsworth has done this and much more in her series of short sketches, "South Shore Town." Hingham, the quiet New England village not far from Boston which looks north across the water to Hull, has retained much of its eighteenth-century atmosphere, and it has also retained Miss Coatsworth's abiding affection, though she and her husband, Henry Beston, have moved their family to Maine.

Reading these sketches is like taking random walks (not one of them long or tiring) with a tranquil and congenial hostess, over paths which she knows well and loves. All those qualities which have gained her a reputation as a poet and a writer of distinguished prose, both for children and for adults, compound the charm of this entirely delightful book. Her poet's eye is quick to record light, color, motion—the pattern of duck afloat on a calm sea, the answered call of bells through untroubled Sunday skies, the unlikely swirl of color as a band of visiting gypsies saunter across a village street.

—Jacket design of "South Shore Town."

Easily and conversationally Miss Coatsworth notes the change of color in salt marshes from season to season, the peculiar charm of a stately old house, the stories of seafaring men and patriots and salty characters who have lived on in the memory of Hingham time out of mind.

At the same time, however, Miss Coatsworth gives us a Hingham which is alive today, conscious, to be sure, and cherishing of its sturdy past, but peaceable, thriving, a civilized place in which to live, where pride in background does not dim a lively pleasure in the amenities of the present.

Vivid as is this inviting portrait of Hingham, it is the unwritten implications of this book which make it such thoroughly agreeable reading. Perhaps they are all expressions of the same inner content. Miss Coatsworth not only accepts but takes pleasure in small-town life. Knowledgeable and affectionate, she takes her readers on personally conducted tours about Hingham, and everything which she has to tell reflects an enviable life, a life busy but with time enough to make a special pilgrimage when a whole field of forget-me-nots is in bloom, to take tea with a neighbor whose store of lively tales is worth recording. Like another poet she has time "to stand and stare." But most engaging of all, this is the book of a happy woman. As this is a book about Hingham, Miss Coatsworth's life enters into it only indirectly, but bit by bit the picture forms—a congenial husband, children, a literary career of her own as well as domestic pursuits. It is

(*Continued on page* 41)

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MUSIC FOR FILMS. (Excerpts by Gray, Rosza, Vaughan Williams, Spoliansky.) Queen's Hall Light Orch. Williams; Philharmonia Orch. Irving. Columbia MM 794 (3)	Philharmonia makes a good, solid, symphonic sound. Queen's Hall is sharper, clearer, lighter. Probably more accentuation. Both have good tonal range, fine acoustics.	(See below.) Selected material, evidently considered outstanding; as pure music it meanders, softsoaps—highly second rate. But you'll find you can't avoid "seeing" movies in the mind's eye, from beginning to end!
HAMLET. Laurence Olivier in excerpts from the film. Music by Wm. Walton. Philharmonia Orch. Mathieson. RCA Victor DM 1273 (3)	Direct from film sound track. Not top quality: a bit tinny, tonal range limited. But perfectly intelligible.	A most interesting comparison: utterly different styles explained in part by fact that Olivier speaks for visual close-up, using facial expression, gestures, as well as voice. Evans reads wholly for the ear, is far more emotional and emphatic in the speaking. Minus screen, Olivier is a bit colorless in tone, as he was over-dramatic in "Henry V" album, same circumstance.
Comparison: HAMLET: SIX EXCERPTS. Maurice Evans. Incidental music by Roger Adams. Columbia MM 651 (3)	Very high quality, wide-range speech recording, perhaps best example to date. Rather close to mike; sibilants strong.	

MUSIC FOR BACKGROUND

FILM music (see above) is a strange, hedged-in art form, for the most part confined to a small stylistic geography whose compass points are standardized moods and "scenes," which to be effective must be instantly recognizable—hence musically familiar; and this is a legitimate demand, after all, for moodless, nonsuggestive music, music devoted to musical ends, would defeat its purpose. So conventionalized are the film formulae—and so efficient—that, listening to the above film music sans film one cannot fight down the presence of the movie palace itself; it is no more possible to listen to this objectively as music than to a football band! Not that this, or any music is intrinsically suggestive of film stuff; this is no more than the enormous power of constant association which, working both ways, not only insures the undoubted and streamlined effectiveness of film music *en milieu* but binds the film composer in chrome-plated chains of convention, beyond which he will not go, without risk of intrusion of extraneous and irrelevant matter obscuring the simplicity and efficiency of the musico-dramatic relation.

It is a delicate balance. Music and speech do not naturally mix on equal terms. Only when one predominates wholly is the mixture good. Walton's early "Façade" suite is a fine artistic monstrosity, for example, the music far too good, too demanding, insistent, for background, the Sitwell words too clever to miss (as in opera). Listen to the music, and the spoken words are an ugly, tuneless percussion, annoyingly in the way; listen to the text and the music will not keep its place but intrudes and confuses. A battle to the draw! Film music has long since bowed in this struggle and has found its role in a kind of feminine strength, aiding, abetting, suggesting, seldom to venture into the foreground and gaining force in its very position, chief aid and council to the drama itself. A vital spot no doubt. No film could be produced musicless. But what this has cost the music in masculinity, of dominance in its own right, what turns and twists of formlessness it has required, can scarcely be measured. Music, to mouth an axiom, has its own logic. The shape of music is like other shapes of art merely by coincidence. Perhaps the only reason we have film music today is the laxness with which in the last hundred years the sense of pure music has decayed in favor of extra-musical suggestion.

You may bet your bottom dollar Beethoven could not have written film music. Beethoven—*in the background*? Absurd. Try it.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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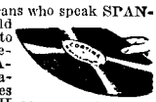

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Seeing Things

TWO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

IT may seem odd to approach such an agreeable, if machine-made, comedy as Fay Kanin's "Goodbye," My Fancy"[1] with a copy in hand of James Bryant Conant's "Education in a Divided World"[2] [*SRL* Nov. 6]. To write about the magpie or the hummingbird in terms of the eagle or the owl might appear no less farfetched. The connection between the play and the book is nonetheless there. The differences in attack, depth, range, medium, and manner do not remove it. It persists if for no other reason than that Mrs. Kanin's serviceable Broadway concoction and President Conant's profound and important volume touch upon what in essence is the same subject. This is academic freedom, one of the many freedoms threatened in the present-day world.

To be sure, if Dr. Conant were the college president in "Goodbye, My Fancy," Mrs. Kanin would have no play. The point of her comedy, and the keystone of its plot, is that it deals with an educator who has so lost the courage he once possessed that Mrs. Kanin's heroine, a famous female war correspondent turned Congresswoman, decides she cannot become his wife though she has been in love with him since her undergraduate days. Instead, when she has returned to her Alma Mater to get an honorary degree, she marries a hard-boiled and eccentric *Life* photographer, with whom she has had an affair during the war. She chooses him because he is a liberal whose liberalism has not faded.

There are college presidents—no doubt too many of them—who have become intimidated by their reactionary trustees. In order to hold their jobs, they have surrendered their beliefs. They have made compromises which have unmade them as men worthy of respect. President Conant is not one of them. His liberalism, like his courage, is beyond question. No college president in this country has a more realistic knowledge of the world as it is than he has gained by his membership on the National Defense Research Commission and his other invaluable Governmental services. None has a more positive faith in what is beckoning and abiding in the principles of democracy. None has met more unflinchingly the intellectual challenges of Communism, or written more eloquently about the dangers which everywhere imperil that enlightened and untrammeled inquiry necessary for teaching which is to be true, honest, and in the great tradition.

President Conant remains unconfused in the confusions of the present. He is full of confidence where others have become the prey of easy and tempting negations. He is a leader, not a follower. Analytical though his mind is, his spirit is constructive. He does not believe in running from the ugly facts. His signal contribution is his awareness that the uglier they are, the more unblinkingly they must be faced.

In "Goodbye, My Fancy" the college president has ossified into a benevolent mouther of platitudes. As acted, and very well acted, by Conrad Nagel, he can claim all those façade qualities which create an impression of pleasing dignity. He has, however, shriveled into a mere locust shell of what he formerly was. His courage has gone. He is the tool of his trustees. Even on his own campus he solves issues by sidestepping them. Education in a free world has for him apparently dwindled into a matter of safeguarding fat endowments.

"If James Bryant Conant were the college president in 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' Fay Kanin would have no play."

If the Congresswoman, who had hoped to marry him, is compelled to acknowledge his weakness, after forcing this college president into a tardy show of strength, his daughter is no less aware of his shortcomings. To her shame and heartbreak, she has seen through her father. Indeed, she has seen through him as completely as Mrs. Kanin has allowed audiences to do. His spinelessness is revealed in two ways; first, by his failure to back up a member of his faculty accused of being a "radical"; then, by his refusal to let his students see a documentary film making clear the full horrors of war. The film in question had been assembled by the Congresswoman in her days as a combat correspondent. The president has favored its showing until a conservative trustee objected to it on the ground that, when he saw it at a private preview, he felt like asking his wife to turn her head away at certain moments.

THE theatre being the theatre, and Broadway being Broadway, the issues in "Goodbye, My Fancy" have no other choice than to be somewhat diluted and to take the form of entertainment, amusing if synthetic, and cannily contrived with an eye on the box office. Plot; romancing, probable as well as improbable; comedy; scenes, big and little; campus atmosphere skilfully captured both by the players and in Donald Oenslager's interior with its "Dormitory Gothic"; and good, sharp wisecracks delivered by Shirley Booth as the Congresswoman's secretary with the devastating accuracy at which Miss Booth excels—all these combine to jostle the play into liveliness as an acceptable comedy, even when Mrs. Kanin has serious things to say.

In getting these said she is aided not only by the punch and drive of Sam Wanamaker's direction but by the general competence of her actors. Most particularly, she is aided by Mr. Wanamaker's own drily sardonic performance of the *Life* photographer and by Madeleine Carroll's radiant playing of the Congresswoman. Miss Carroll's is no easy assignment. She must be beautiful, good, courageous, capable, liberal, successful, and all-conquering. Not many actresses could meet these difficult demands without being smug, coy, conceited, and generally intolerable. Miss

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[1] *GOODBYE, MY FANCY, a new play by Fay Kanin. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. Setting by Donald Oenslager. Costumes by Emeline Roche. Presented by Michael Kanin in association with Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers. With a cast including Madeleine Carroll, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, Sam Wanamaker, Lillian Foster, George Mitchell, Bethel Leslie, Sally Hester, Gerrianne Raphael, Eda Heinemann, Joseph Boland, Lulu Mae Hubbard, Mary Malone, etc. At the Morosco. Opened Nov.* 17.

[2] *EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD. By James Bryant Conant. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 1948. 235 *pp.* $3.

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"FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!"—ATKINSON, Times
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MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
MADELEINE CARROLL in GOODBYE, MY FANCY
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
and SAM WANAMAKER
Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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MAKE WAY FOR LUCIA
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN
with ISABEL JEANS • CYRIL RITCHARD
CATHERINE WILLARD
Directed by Mr. VAN DRUTEN
CORT Thea., W. 48. Mats. Thurs. Sat.
JOSE FERRER in
THE SILVER WHISTLE
By Robert E. McEnroe
Directed by Paul Crabtree
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Carroll, however, manages to suggest all of the needed attributes, effortlessly, without affectation, and with irresistible charm.

What the stage makes acceptable by saying indirectly in "Goodbye, My Fancy," President Conant says directly, and with fine clarity and force, in his "Education in a Divided World." Unimpeded by plot and the diverting irrelevances out of which plays must be made, he thoroughly explores a subject which, behind the footlights, is no more than touched upon. His hopeful, lucid, and fact-facing pages are the more encouraging because they demonstrate that there are college presidents who have nothing in common with the one about whom Mrs. Kanin writes.

Dr. Conant does not mince words. He is well aware that the fundamental cleavage in the contemporary world is the sharp and unbridgeable division between the democratic and totalitarian ideologies; in short, between the American and Soviet philosophies. He knows how unpacific is the peace in which we now find ourselves. As a realist, he believes that "in planning the future of the United States we must assume, at best, an armed truce until the middle Fifties and a divided world for a long time to come."

The question which concerns him —and all of us—is the effect that such an armed truce, in a world so divided, will have upon education. Yes, and the all-important constructive role which education can play in a free society in order to make that society the more secure in its freedoms.

DR. CONANT is fully conscious that reactionaries are going to use the tensions inescapable in such a truce as an excuse for attacking ideas held to be radical or even liberal. But, as he sees it, "those who worry about radicalism in our schools and colleges are often themselves either reactionaries who themselves do not bear allegiance to the traditional American principles or defeatists who despair of the success of our own philosophy in an open competition." Dr. Conant is not the victim of such despair. He writes as a man who has no doubts about the superiority of the democratic beliefs he is defending. It is this unshaken and unshakable belief which makes him unafraid.

One condition, as he sees it, is essential—"freedom of discussion, unmolested inquiry." Our tolerance, which to the Soviets may seem a sign of democratic weakness, is to Dr. Conant a proof of our strength. The pivotal dilemma in such troubled times is for us not to be so misled by

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Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
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W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
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Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
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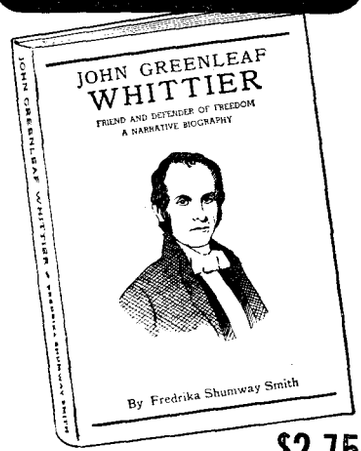

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our fears that, in our eagerness to protect our basic ideas, we destroy them. "The first requirement," insists Dr. Conant, "for maintaining a healthy attitude in our universities in these days . . . is to get the discussion of modern Marxism out into the open. . . . Studying a philosophy does **not** mean endorsing it, much less proclaiming it. We study cancer in order to learn how to defeat it. We must study the Soviet philosophy in our universities for exactly the same reason. No one must be afraid to tackle that explosive subject before a class."

As I have said, had the college president in "Goodbye, My Fancy" held such beliefs, Mrs. Kanin would have had no play, which would have been a pity. What seems equally undeniable, however, is that, unless more and more college presidents, teachers, and trustees share Dr. Conant's enlightenment, we may have no democracy to defend. There is nothing to be gained, and everything to be lost, by dodging the truths and challenges of the present.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Pacific Reached

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

BENEATH the flowers of this shapeless sun
Our bubble-gum demeanor suits us well.
We are that cushioned generation yet,
Doomed to continue what was ill-begun
In rooms and courtyards far from any bell
Bowing the faithful toward their minaret.

Life is not summer here, as those would think
Who came naive from wind's Lake Michigan
Or quit the rotten-humused Carolines.
Our scentless bloom resists the milder drink
That irrigation pipes to Everyman:
Democracy, youngest of vintage wines.

This sun breeds out our savor. It denies
Virtues of snow, simplicities of cold,
And yet each year the sun grows more remote.
After it cools, we'll kill the king of flies,
Subsist on roots or barbecue the old,
Send to Vermont for Granddad's overcoat.

Our roads contract in canyons or the sea,
And cars we drive are caricatures of quest.
Here time importunes us with final shape,
Being no stand-in for eternity.
Patience could pull few triggers in the West.
Only the screen's dead bandit found escape.

The wheels of hesitation roll behind
Our barrier mountains, deep in Blunderland.
Child is evicted from his bungalow,
Seeks tandem quarters for his double mind,
Throws wider boulevards across the sand
And pioneers through wastes of embryo.

That we shall thrive, no earthquake guarantees.
We dare not question, loading every rift
With searchlight oddity and nervous horn.
An ocean taps the madness in our knees.
City of Angels, bedlam and adrift,
Prances through wonder like the unicorn.

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BOOKS, BEDS, AND BROMIDES

(Continued from page 7)

ses" is something else again. It is a major work whether its value is to be considered mainly historical or intrinsic. It is a landmark in literary history and is a perfect example of the instance in which the artist earns and deserves defense against any constraint or censorship. But I think it is not too harsh to say each writer's work must show cause, as does "Ulysses," in terms of its degree of contribution, why it should be granted the maximum freedom.

I throw out a challenge to novelists. When you write your scenes involving sex, see what you can do with the resources that have sufficed for the greatest literature ever produced. When you have done a work of such power and scope with these that it is obvious your concepts require the ultimate batteries—go ahead. The rest of the literary fraternity will have to back you up if you should get in dutch.

But for heaven's sake, treat your hard won, vital privilege as a privilege. Don't toss in all its resources out of downright laziness, or lack of talent, or self-indulgence. If a man cannot play he will produce no better sound on a Stradivarius than on a common fiddle. The mediocre writer takes the high privilege of his art and debases it, abuses it, and forces his fellows to defend in the courts what is often artistically indefensible. Many a talented writer dulls his gift by substituting cheap and easy sensationalism for costly and difficult exploration of human passion.

Today's writer works practically without limits. Yet, as Goethe said, "It is working within limits that the craftsman reveals himself." The limits imposed by Mrs. Grundy's rule forced the craftsman to do his job the hard way. When she was deposed the era of attempted short-cuts began and like many other attempted short-cuts in modern society it was a snare and a delusion.

Restraint must be applied by writers and editors and publishers themselves, or we will pile up so much ammunition in the hands of the censorious that they will make our vulnerability in the field of taste an entering wedge for censorship in everything, including ideas. Mrs. Grundy is dead. Let us not give the old lady a new lease on life!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Green Mansions." 2. "Twenty Thousand Leagues." 3. "My Antonia." 4. "Mutiny on the Bounty." 5. "Wickford Point." 6. "The Great Gatsby." 7. "Wuthering Heights." 8. "John Halifax, Gentleman." 9. "Now in November." 10. "Steppenwolf." 11. "Treasure Island." 12. "Erewhon." 13. "Double Indemnity." 14. "Moby Dick." 15. "Mama's Bank Account." 16. "Memoirs of a Midget." 17. "Colonel Effingham's Raid." 18. "Lord Jim." 19. "The Cask of Amontillado." 20. "How Green Was My Valley." 21. "The Gentle Grafter." 22. "Great Expectations." 23. "The Vicar of Wakefield." 24. "The Ballad and the Source." 25. "Lorna Doone." 26. "Precious Bane." 27. "The Green Years." 28. "The Scarlet Letter." 29. "Rupert of Hentzau." 30. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." 31. "The Broad Highway." 32. "Looking Backward."

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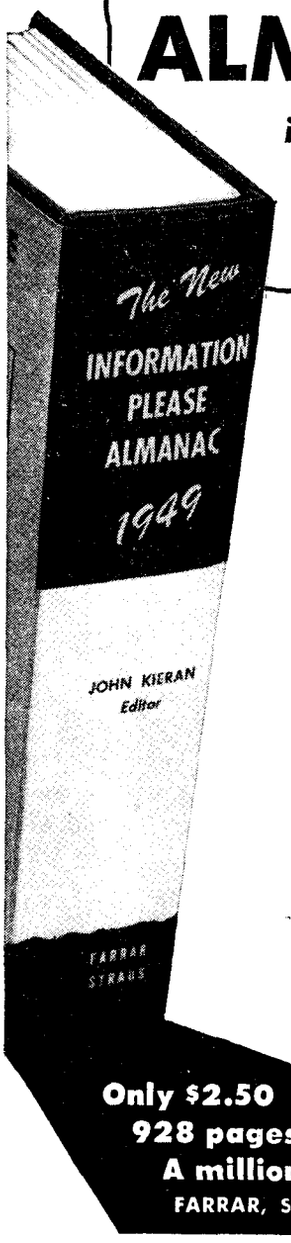

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YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

TO THIS reviewer, traveling about the city telling Christmas stories and showing the new picture books to the children, New York has never been as lovely as it was through this holiday season. The huge fir tree at Rockefeller Plaza with its silver snowflakes and silver stars looked at twilight as though it were touched with frost. On Park Avenue, looking down the hill toward the Grand Central Building, the street was like a scene in fairyland. On December 17, when the Mayor's small nephew threw the switch that lighted the city's Christmas trees, they sprang to life from the Battery to The Bronx. Everywhere you went there was a sparkling tree standing out against the high buildings or, in the parks, against the night sky. They must have made a deep impression upon strangers, especially upon the people from the Baltic countries who were fearful of being turned away from shore that had suffered so much to reach.

It was good to have so many books to show the children that were created by men and women whose roots are in other countries. It was good to feel active gratitude to Wanda Gág for including "The Elves and the Shoemaker" in her last volume of "Grimm's Fairy Tales." It was good to think of the Treasure Chests of American-made children's books being opened in Germany and Austria and Japan, and of the thousands of gifts our children had sent overseas.

Now a new year opens in the world of books for boys and girls. Our hope is that it will be a year as rich in good writing and distinguished illustrating as the year that has just passed. Spring will bring a new flowering. This department looks back to yesterday with satisfaction and forward to tomorrow with anticipation and faith. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FROM ROLLO TO TOM SAWYER AND OTHER PAPERS. By Alice M. Jordan. Decorations by Nora S. Unwin. Boston: The Horn Book. 1948. 161 pp. $3.75.

BEAUTIFULLY designed by Nora Unwin with sprays of the New England blueberry decorating its endpapers and pages, this book is a feast to eye and mind. Its value will increase as Americans become increasingly conscious of their inheritance in art and literature. Miss Jordan traces the development of books for boys and girls from the very early years of these United States to the middle of the nineteenth century. She brings to it a keen sense of values, a quiet humor, and a deep appreciation of the creative faculty in writers and artists. It especially pleases this reviewer that she brings out so vividly the influence of magazines for boys and girls in the third and last quarter of the nineteenth century. Henry Steele Commager's "St. Nicholas Anthology," selling briskly everywhere during the Christmas holidays, has emphasized the good fare provided for children in the office on Union Square where Mary Mapes Dodge and Frank Stockton accepted and rejected manuscripts that in later years made their authors famous. Miss Jordan tells, too, of Horace Scudder and his fine work in raising the standard of both writing and criticism of books for children. To him we owe the first translations of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales. In every word that she writes of these people Miss Jordan is informing and illuminating. All book-lovers owe a debt of gratitude to the Horn Book and to Nora Unwin for presenting this wise analysis in so lovely a format.

—From "Runaway Rocking Horse."

NEW ENGLAND BEAN-POT. American Folktales to Read and Tell. By M. Jagendorf. Illustrated by Donald McKay. Introduction by B. A. Botkin. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 272 pp. $2.50.

A STIMULATING foreword by Dr. Botkin introduces this collection of folktales from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. They are told in the local idiom and are obviously the "old wives' tales" that have been remembered, added to, and passed on orally from one generation to another. There is little trace of European or Asiatic folklore in them. They are truly native stories. The devil, in person, figures in a number of them, and the witches that gave a bad name to Salem in its early days appear in several. The best of the devil tales, and one that boys and girls will thoroughly appreciate, is the "Three Times Out" from New Hampshire. "The Devil in the Steeple" from Massachusetts is a fine tale for a storyteller, and one can easily imagine the children listening at a Hallowe'en story hour to the tale of Timothy and the witches of East Haddam in Connecticut. The humor and inventiveness that are sometimes denied the New England people are evident in every page of this book. There is even a "Cinderella" story as rich in romances as its French sister. Donald McKay's illustrations are vigorous and expressive.

BOY'S BOOK OF SNAKES. How to Recognize and Understand Them. By Percy A. Morris. New York: The Ronald Press Co. 1948. 185 pp. $3.

LOOKING over the exceptionally good photographs in this book, one wonders how the photographer dared to take those of the poisonous snakes. The pictures are taken so near to the subject, they are clear in every tiny detail. It is a most interesting book. Directly and with no attempt to "talk down" to young people, Mr. Morris gives a clear, concise analysis of the entire snake family and their background, from the harmless little garter snake to the deadly fer-de-lance. The last chapter is on the care and feeding of snakes as pets. Mr. Morris is the "snake expert" on the staff of the Peabody Museum of Natural History in New Haven, Connecticut. His attitude toward the creatures who "crawl on their bellies" is objective, scientific, and curiously interesting. Perhaps it is because he effectively disposes of many of the *mis*informing legends that have grown up around them. He

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accents, too, their value to farmers and gardeners. There is in this book much that will insure safety against the poisonous variety. An increasing number of people find snakes interesting. There is much less fear of them today than in the past. This book is filled with invaluable information in both text and pictures. It is called "The Boy's Book of Snakes." This reviewer is certain that it will appeal just as strongly to the girls, not to mention their elders of both sexes.

JOHNNY MAPLE-LEAF. By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. 1948. *No paging.* $2.

The biography of a maple leaf through the changing seasons of the year. A simple, rhythmic text with full-page drawings in color that bring to little children the beauty of the trees in spring, summer, fall, and winter.

RUNAWAY ROCKING HORSE. Written and Illustrated by Lilian Robertson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. *No paging.*

Pinto was a rocking horse who jumped off his rockers and ran away from the toyshop where he lived. He tried being a farm horse, a cowboy horse, a circus horse, a hunter, and various other things; but in the end he decided to go back to the toy shop and be a rocking horse. This story of Pinto is one that will especially attract little children. The pictures, printed in clear, bright colors, are charming. There is humor in the faces of the toys and the farm animals, and the design is always fluent, leading on from one page to another. The reproduction is excellent.

This is the first book of an unusually promising young artist.

MARIONETTES ARE PEOPLE. By Edith Thane. Illustrations by George Alan Swanson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 63 *pp.* $2.50.

The marionettes in this book are not actors on a stage interpreting a classical or modern play. They are members of the family, original and amusing. Half life size, they are capable of entertaining a household and its guests with lifelike talk and action. Each one is "created" by its maker, who follows an original and individual pattern. With the direction and the carefully drawn pattern we are assured that the making of a marionette is not too difficult. The book is not intended for children only It is meant for anyone, young or old, who through his own skill creates an outlet for his creative energy. It is fully illustrated with diagrams and a pattern.

THE ROYAL GAME OF CHESS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Written by Edith Licie Weart. Illustrated by B. Brussel-Smith. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

In this unusually attractive book the figures on the chessboard present themselves to the reader, led by the king. In words that will lead almost any reader to read on they tell of their position on the battlefield and explain how and why victory or defeat can come. On every page are the drawings, printed in black and red. It is a story that is interesting for itself as well as a clear and stimulating analysis of the royal game. The author discovered for herself that chess is not only for intellectual grown-ups. She presents it as a game for boys and girls with great success.

LET'S READ ABOUT BRAZIL. By Stella Burke May. Illustrated by Kreigh Collins. Grand Rapids: The Fideler Co. 1948. 120 *pp.* $2.95.

There is a good deal of valuable information about Brazil as it is today in this book, and the photographs are very well selected and reproduced. The large format and type make it appear as a book for little children; but the text would probably interest older boys and girls. It is very much like a guide-book—simple, objective and revealing.

LET'S READ ABOUT CHINA. By Cornelia Spencer. Illustrated by Richard Gringhuis. Grand Rapids: The Fideler Co. 1948. 111 *pp.* $2.95.

The photographs in this are even better than those in the Brazil volume, and the drawings are excellent. Miss Spencer's text accents the old China, with its long continuity in art and literature and social customs. It is an interesting book and a very informing one. Obviously, both books will have value as supplementary reading in the schools. Miss Spencer's story is more than that. It will more than likely find its way into the hands of boys and girls who read for pleasure rather than for scholastic credit.

SKETCHBOOK. Text and Lithographs by C. W. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. *No paging.* $3.50.

This is a book that will have a special meaning both for lovers of horses and for would-be artists. In a series of spirited lithographs the artist and author presents horses, of various kinds and in various poses. With each lithograph is a drawing that analyzes the lines that form the picture and give it authority. While younger boys and girls will enjoy the horses for their own sake, the older ones, and their adult relations, will learn from them the art of drawing horses in action and will acquire, incidentally, invaluable information about them. This is a long book with spacious pages and a most attractive binding.

—From "Let's Read About China."

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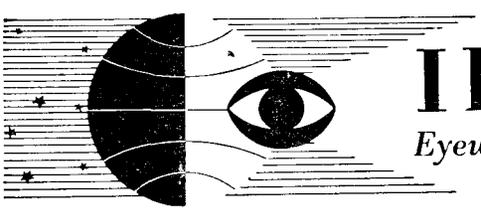

IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

16mm. Dons Cap and Gown

SOME months ago a graduate student of the University of California chose as his thesis for a master's degree the geology, fauna, and flora of his state's Coachella area, neighboring the rich Imperial Valley on the borders of Mexico. The closer he looked into his subject, the more he saw of the fascinating Indian customs of this region, its sandstorms and snowstorms, its strange wildlife and great economic possibilities, the more strongly he felt the inadequacy of setting this all down in mere words. And so, with the university's permission, he wrote and shot a 16mm. color film which he has just submitted as the major part of his master's thesis.

The sands of Coachella may prove as fertile as the soil of the Imperial Valley. Almost for the first time there has been broken the tradition of the written thesis which goes back nearly a thousand years to the first universities of Italy and France. And as the written thesis was a sign of the new illumination throwing back the shadows of the Dark Ages, so this simple unpretentious thesis in film may be seen as a forerunner of a new era—an era when the written word will lose its supremacy and give ground to the lively arts of eye and ear.

Through the centuries the universities have been notoriously resistant to change. They looked back to Aristotle and Aquinas when others were looking forward to the new age of science. It was philosophy and not psychology which was for them the mirror of the mind. But today the colleges are more receptive to new ideas, and this awakening interest in film has not caught them unawares. With a good deal of prescience, many of them are already looking forward to the day when theses in film will be a commonplace, when no geographical expedition will return without a really adequate film record of its findings, when cameras will turn on each newly discovered technique in the operating theatre, and when the social sciences will interpret many of their findings through the medium of film. Had Gunnar Myrdal and his fellow workers, for instance, trained film cameras on the many aspects of the Negro problem they unraveled in their survey, they might have influenced our day-to-day attitudes much more effectively than by the 1500 solid pages of "An American Dilemma."

In our signed article this month, Sidney Kaufman discusses some of the new university approaches to film, the esthetic, the sociological, the practical. All stem from a recognition that film affects our thoughts, our attitudes, our activities. Many express dissatisfaction with the gaudy and immature fare provided by the movie theatres, the mercenary values, the hypnotic land of dreams, the refusal to face the world which, whether we like it or not, faces *us*. By stubbornly standing out against the shoddy and the second-rate, people may eventually get what they really want—but no one expects a movie millennium the day after tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the universities are doing much to provide training in a new kind of film—the functional film which serves a specific purpose and does a job in the community. It was revealed recently by one of the great raw film corporations that the consumption of film for these functional uses exceeds all the millions of feet that amateurs shoot on their cameras and projectors. More people are today at work producing films in our regional centers than in Hollywood, and the movement is growing apace.

These new film channels are increasingly fed through the universities. Few of their film graduates go to Hollywood. Many become audio-visual directors in schools. Others are helping industry build its own production services. Others again are welding film to the service of science and medicine.

More than a dozen of the colleges which actually produce their own pictures have joined to form the University Film Producers Council. A recent survey shows that some of these colleges turn out as many as a hundred silent reels of film a year, or twenty to thirty reels of sound film. Others are much smaller, with annual outputs of only three or four reels. Big or small, however, the colleges are beginning to satisfy their own film needs and those of the regions in which they work. Their budgets are modest, with costs for sound film amounting to perhaps a thousand dollars a reel, or between a fifth and a tenth of the commercial averages. Thus they can produce films which under commercial conditions would never have been produced.

THESE byproducts of teaching, these shavings off the university block, may not commend themselves to competitors, who will perhaps see in them a dangerous form of price-cutting. But as long as commercial channels cannot supply all the cheap and simple films that people are looking for, there will be a place for the university film, as for the university press.

But these are merely growing pains. As 16mm. reaches its twenty-fifth year, it can look forward to a long and illustrious academic career. The head of one of the most active college film departments in the country, writing recently to *SRL*'s Film Department, sought recommendations to fill his teaching staff. He enumerated the many advantages which these positions would confer. He scheduled the salaries rising steadily with the years. And to crown all, he announced that these new professors of film would hold their chairs until they retired, full of years and honors, at the age of seventy! Yes, 16mm. is indeed living down the follies of its elder brother of 35. Off with the Bacchanalian vine leaves. Let 16mm. wear the cap and gown!

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE,
Editor, IDEAS ON FILM.

Word-Magic

The magnificent Italian film "Tragic Hunt" ("*Caccia Tragica*") recently made its debut on Broadway. A few days later, workmen were seen repainting the first word of the English title on the enormous signs fronting the theatre. When they were done, the word "Tragic" had disappeared, and the word "Woman" stood in its place. By this masterly strategem, the film's natural audience were kept away in droves. Broadway's rubbernecks were still not interested. After a couple of weeks, "Woman Hunt" quietly folded. In the next block, Rossellini's "Paisan," titled without benefit of women, was completing the first year of its run.

May "Tragic Hunt" earn the revival it deserves on 16mm.

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The Film Forum

HUMAN GEOGRAPHY

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We do not normally devote the* FILM FORUM *to any one series of pictures, because we wish to guide our readers to as many film sources as possible. However, Louis de Rochemont's thirty-six new human geography pictures promise to make an outstanding contribution to the classroom film library, and the first five releases therefore deserve special mention. All these films run close to twenty minutes, and are available at a net price of $100 per picture from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. If you wish to rent them, apply to your local state university.*

NOMADS OF THE JUNGLE (MALAYA)

The first, and so far the outstanding film of the series, is this brilliant interpretation by Victor Jurgens of a nomadic family which lives off the produce of the jungle without recourse to agriculture. The family's story is told in the first person by the son of the chief, a boy on the eve of assuming the responsibilities of manhood. Through his eyes we see the simple but effective methods of gathering food, fishing, building bridges, and floating down to the trading post the captured animals and other goods which the nomads exchange for wraps and knives and cigarettes that have come from the remoteness of the outside world.

The film has been magnificently shot with a keen and humorous eye, and the sound track (recorded on location) captures the noises of the jungle and the camp. What emerges from the film is a sense of cooperation and shared responsibility which makes our modern conception of the family look shoddy. The narrative, written with imagination and restraint, is spoken in a dialect which perfectly matches the character of the boy who tells the story. Though aimed at primary-school grades, this film is so well made that any adult group would find it fascinating.

TROPICAL MOUNTAIN LAND (JAVA)

Also the work of Victor Jurgens, this film is by its nature less imaginative than "Malaya." Strung on the thin thread of the railroad line which connects Java's mountains and lowlands, it describes most of the island's manufactures and exports. Indeed, it is a remarkable accomplishment to have included so much information without giving a feeling of haste or over-compression. Much of the credit is due to the continuously illuminating camerawork, which combines the very best of documentary photography with a refreshing absence of artiness.

The commentary, admirably spoken by an Indonesian, reflects the modern idea that the East Indies rightly belong to their own people, while crediting the Dutch for much necessary industrial progress.

FARMER-FISHERMEN (NORWAY)

The harsh and rugged climate of Northern Norway and its phlegmatic people do not altogether come to life in this film, despite the excellence of its photography. Breaking the pattern of the series, the narrative is put into the mouth of an ordinary adult American, though the story is seen through the eyes of Lars, a fisherman's son in his teens, who with his father works the sea half the year and the land the other half.

The film opens in Bergen, with its reminders of Norway's history and traditions, and moves north to a little village scattered round the shores of a fjord close to the Arctic Circle. There Lars and his family plough their harsh acres, live their unexpressive lives, worship in a strict Calvinist tradition, and go about their business in peace and sanctity.

HORSEMEN OF THE PAMPAS (ARGENTINE)

This film depicts life on an *estancia*, or great landed estate, through the eyes of a boy of twelve, son of one of the *pamperos*, or herdsmen. It follows in adequate detail the business of cattle raising, and gives a clear and concise impression of an economy based on a rich soil and a flat terrain. Since the emphasis is on processes rather than people, the film is better suited to the higher grades.

Its photography gives a fine sense of the vast horizons of a prairie country, while the narrative implies with adequate clearness the conquences of absentee ownership and a high concentration of wealth in the hands of the landowners.

CROSS-SECTION OF CENTRAL AMERICA (GUATEMALA)

The little-known countries of Central America are here typified by Guatemala, with its contrasting northern plains and southern mountains, its mahogany forests and chicle and coffee plantations. In this, as in the Argentine film, the commentary is carried by a poor peasant, thus obliquely pointing up the contrast between the landed and the landless. Once again the camera throws interesting light on ways of life and ways of making a living in a country which in part has moved with the centuries and in part has stood still since the Conquest.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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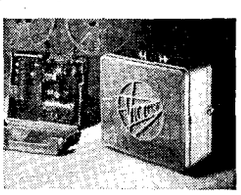

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16 mm. *Sidney Kaufman is the chairman of the Film, Television, and Radio Department of the New School for Social Research in New York. As an associate of Walter Wanger and Gabriel Pascal, he came to know well the pattern of Hollywood production. During the war he supervised many of the Navy's technical, educational, and documentary films. In his present position he supervises more than thirty courses in film and the allied arts.*

Cinema on the Campus

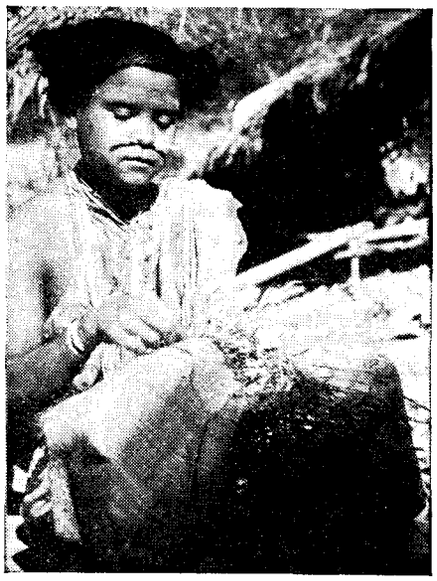
SINCE the rise of the sound film, most American universities concerned with the liberal arts have sought in some degree to determine a proper lodgment in their curricula for study of the cinema. This awareness of the motion picture in centers of higher learning came belatedly. By the time the universities turned to the subject, the motion picture had already achieved enormous prestige as an art, a social force, a major industry, and a powerful new force in education.

The universities have devised several patterns for treatment of the cinema as part of the general undergraduate program. The pattern in each case reflects the emphasis of the particular institution on one or another phase of the film. Those that have been primarily concerned with the motion picture as an art have inaugurated basic survey courses dealing primarily with the history and development of the contemporary motion picture and its forerunners. The content of such courses, which are the most common type offered on the campus, usually follows the outlines distributed by the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Film Study Programs originated by the Motion Picture Producers' Association (formerly known as the "Hays Office," now headed by Eric Johnston). The only book suitable as a general text for such courses has been "The Rise of the American Film," by Lewis Jacobs.

Universities which have had some experience with such survey courses have rapidly discovered the desirability of supplementing the lectures with actual screenings. For small groups, such programs have been prohibitively costly. However, they are uniformly popular and their costs can be liquidated where a fair-sized audience can be recruited. Survey courses, whether they include screenings or are primarily lectures, are most frequently offered in English departments, in an academic format similar to basic courses in the drama, poetry, or literature.

Those institutions which have approached the cinema with concentration on its power as a social force have established rather critical studies in departments of sociology, anthropology, or in the comparatively new departments of contemporary civilization. In these cases, the emphasis is less on the film itself or its technique than on its subject matter, attitudes, and content. Studies of the motion picture as a social document can be guided best by such books as Siegfried Kracauer's "From Caligari to Hitler," and "The Film Answers Back," by E. W. and M. M. Robson. This type of study abstracts from the cinema of a given time and place of origin a social and political allegory, the implication being that film-making is a profound social process, susceptible to interpretation in a manner similar to the exploration of dreams through psychoanalysis.

A SMALLER but still considerable number of universities have become aware of the film through its educational and technical uses on the campus. Where the school itself has utilized a substantial volume of pictures in its courses of study, it has become desirable to establish a central campus agency for such service. Similarly the practice has developed of making a film record of important scientific research, and where such motion picture reports have accumulated, the institution tends to establish a central desk or service for maintenance and dissemination. In time these practices have resulted in the establishment of more than 100 major university film libraries, federated in the Educational Film Library Association. These libraries make their collections accessible for their own campus use and in addition serve as repositories and exchange centers for other institutions in their area, either geographically or as delimited by subject matter. The most important facet in the rise of such libraries has been the result of intense specialization. At Penn State, for example, the film library has accumulated an astonishing collection of material on psychology, psychiatry, and psychoanalysis, including motion picture records of experiments, and more general reports suitable for broader distribution.



—From "Nomads of the Jungle."

A FEW institutions have discerned in the motion picture industry and in the large demand for television production personnel possibilities for professional careers for their students, and have embarked on actual production courses and related studies of film craft. The most important examples of such activity are the courses at the University of California (Los Angeles), with its four-year program leading to a B.A. in Cinema, and the two-year course offered in the Dramatic Workshop Film Department of the New School for Social Research. The UCLA studies are devoted largely to the feature motion picture and depend on access to personnel and facilities of the major Hollywood studios. The New School program rests upon studies and production in the factual film, documentary, educational, and public relations, types of production prevalent in New York. As a matter of fact, the professional possibilities open to newcomers in the motion picture are much greater away from Hollywood. It is not well known, but nonetheless true, that more persons are engaged in the making of films and derive a livelihood therefrom in these latter fields, which are concentrated in and around New York, Chicago, and Detroit, than in the more conspicuous Hollywood fictional film.

Such production courses need not be regarded as exclusively craft training. They constitute, indeed, a cultural and esthetic discipline of tremendous excitement and challenge to the educator, because of the charac-

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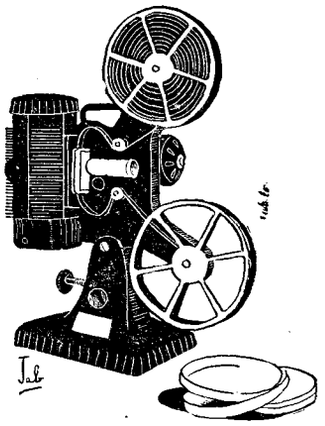

ter and role of the film of reality in contemporary society. Some schools which have contemplated production have been frightened by the reputed costliness of such a program. Let it be asserted flatly that the development of 16mm. facilities in recent years makes it possible with a budget of less than $2,000 to control and operate equipment with film-making capacities in excess of everything that was available to D. W. Griffith in the production of his masterpieces. The ease and flexibility of 16mm. production has made possible also the personalization of motion picture making, so that a qualified individual today with limited financial resources can embark on the creation of a film of interest to himself in very much the same way that a writer or poet undertakes the preparation of a manuscript.

The most striking fact in this regard is that motion picture training adequate for a beginner to approach the medium can be achieved in a single year. Let me cite as proof the fact that of thirty-one students who participated in the Production Workshop at the New School during the past year, twenty-five have since found professional employment in one or another phase of motion picture making and related fields such as television.

—SIDNEY KAUFMAN.

Film Bookshelf

L'HISTOIRE GENERALE DU CINEMA. By Georges Sadoul. Paris: Editions Denoel. Vol. I. "L'Invention du Cinema, 1832-1897." 1946. 362. pp. *Vol. II. "Les Pionniers du Cinema,* 1897-1909." 1947. 626 pp.

This gigantic work, which will take six or seven volumes to complete, is planned as a general history of the movies covering all countries and relating their technical, artistic, commercial, and economic growth. That this huge project succeeds as well as it does is an astonishing achievement. The author is just as much at home untwisting the rival claims of early inventors, in the clearest and most concise technical prose, as he is in detailing the growth of the French and American trusts, or recounting with gusto the early exploits of David Griffith and Edwin S. Porter. Indeed, it is this quality of enthusiasm which makes a long book seem a very short one, and carries the reader past many places where he would otherwise raise his hand to put in an objection. Sadoul's enthusiasm is infectious, and it is hard to lay down a chapter where some forgotten film of Melies or Zecca is made to seem more lifelike and interesting than the latest Clark Gable epic playing just around the block.

Yet the gaps and errors in these volumes are many, as the author engagingly admits. Working during the war, he was of course unable to leave France, and even his second volume suffers greatly from the lack of original research in Germany, Italy, and the U.S. Indeed, these books lay overwhelming stress on the importance of France as a producer up to 1909, and the American chapters are largely devoted to the trustification of the industry under Edison and his followers.

The chief critical contribution made by Sadoul lies in his analysis of the style of Melies, Porter, and the Englishmen Williamson and Smith, who developed film continuity and the principles of cutting or montage. Credit for these discoveries—which may in retrospect rank as important as the discovery of perspective in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—is now established beyond dispute.

Sadoul's book is written in clear and attractive French, which should deter no one by its difficulty, and it is illustrated by fascinating shots from the film primitives it describes. However, the proof-reading of both volumes is inaccurate beyond belief, and the most irritating typographical errors occur on almost every page. The third volume, "Le Cinema Devient un Art (1908-1918)," will appear very shortly, and a much needed reprint of Volume I is also promised.

With all their imperfections, these books make indispensable reading for the serious student of film.

—R. S.

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HUSH, my child, your hostile tensions,
Soothe the super-ego's strife.
Dissipate all apprehensions—
(Do put down that carving knife!)

Let's have no resurgent quibblings,
No repressed instinctual drives!
Curb aggressions toward your siblings.
They, too, love their youthful lives.

Lay your weary little id
(Full of Oedipean notions)
In some quiet corner, kid,
Suited to disturbed emotions.

Let your tired parents rest,
Give some heed to *their* neuroses.
Come and take your Rorschach test—
Ink-blots in post-prandial doses.

Yield to non-aggressive sleep
Lest psychotic Moms and Pops
Counting schizophrenic sheep
Should resort to knock-out drops.

—J. H. H.

* * *

My friends look indulgently or scornfully upon my predisposition to spend hours turning over dusty and dingy volumes in second-hand bookstores. After all, it is astonishing, for the time I spend, how little I buy. There are few places where the wares offered for five or ten cents, two-for-a-quarter, and even thirty-five or fifty cents are often worth taking home. And sometimes I wonder how the little bookshops, along lower Fourth Avenue for instance, manage to stay in business. So many browse; so few buy. In one that I sometimes visit, though its stock has now fallen off sadly, I once heard a gruff familiar voice asking to have some volumes sent to Harberth, Michigan. Looking up, I espied Carl Sandburg on a fleeting visit to the metropolis.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 771)

EMERSON:
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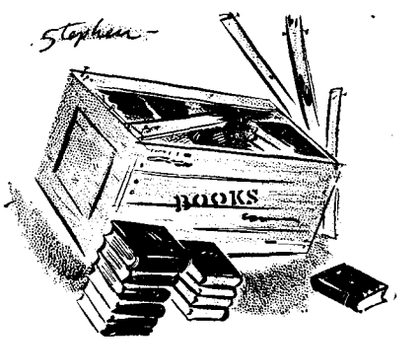
That which befits us . . . is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. The life of man is the true romance which, when it is valiantly conducted, will yield the imagination a higher joy than any fiction.

That was some time ago, for now he lives in the South. Upon another occasion, in the back of a shop of admirable miscellaneousness, I discovered a treasure-trove of old bound *Century Magazines* in excellent condition, and secured some that covered the years during which I was a cub editor on that periodical. Examples of the early work of American poets now venerable graybeards —like Louis Untermeyer (although his heard isn't noticeable!)—are in those volumes. And I bought others of the *Century*'s last phase under the editorship of Carl Van Doren, when Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew" was the only one of her novels to run serially in any periodical. I well remember how both he in New York



and I in New Canaan sweated with terror lest the only extant MS of any given instalment be lost in the mails (as she typed all her own work, inserting whatever corrections might be necessary, and thought naught of carbons!).

It isn't that such things may or may not be "collector's items"; it is that I love them; as I love old *St. Nicholases*, and an old, odd volume of *Harper's* I picked up on a trip this summer through the Berkshires. It is haphazard, whole numbers are dropped out (obviously bound up from an incomplete file), but there are (1879-80) some surprisingly good drawings by an entirely forgotten illustrator, C. S. Reinhart, an original version of the "Song of Captain Kidd," and Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations for "London's Glory, and Whittington's Renown" printed in an approximation of black-letter. It is the old original ballad, as this verse proves:

Whittington had no more
but this poos-cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore
like a brave Marchant-man.
"Vent'ring the same," quoth he,
"I may get store of golde,
And Mayor of London be,
as the bells have me told."

Later on in '83 (a gap of several years having been leaped—and where are the intermediate numbers? is one of Browning's best lyrics, concerning "Kate the queen." I dare say you wouldn't care for some light verse (the poems were never signed!) in which the poet compared his best girl to an *Édition de luxe*, or an article on the Romanoffs, or one on early Bible illustration, or a novel by the once popular Charles Dudley Warner (who edited the *Library of the World's Best Literature* so widely consulted by our forebears) or even "Chatterton and His Associates" (which reminds me that just this year a book about and including Browning's essay on Chatterton, which forecast the method of his dramatic monologues, is being brought out).

But then probably you wouldn't care for two particular novels I got in very good condition several years ago. One is "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder" (which should interest all "fantasy fans," as they call themselves!). Its illustrations are by one Gilbert Gaul, though it bears the name of no author, and *Harper's* published it in 1888. It features a most remarkable and monstrous bird called the *athaleb*. And you have also missed something by not possessing "The Adventures of Captain Mago; or, A Phoenician Expedition, B.C. 1000," translated by Ellen E. Frewer from the French of Léon Cahun, and published even earlier—by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. in 1876. It is designed "to exhibit, mainly for the young, a summary of that varied information which is contained in books, many of which by their high price and exclusively technical character are generally unattainable." This is the way they wrote, "mainly for the young":

> As soon, however, as the bar was passable, the river presented a very animated scene, and vessels of every description got into motion, both ascending and descending the stream; Phoenician craft, from the ponderous gaoul to the slim fishing-smack; Iberian piroques, carrying their great brown or black sails of woven bark; and the long Celtic coracles composed of hide.

Sainte-Beuve said, I believe, "Nothing is more painful to me than the disdain with which people treat second-rate authors, as if there were room only for first-raters." I feel the same about second-hand bookshops. I'm no real Rare Book man.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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NEW ENGLAND

(Continued from page 28)

her own felicity which highlights her sketches, a most refreshing communication, after the neuroses, disillusionments, nostalgic regrets, and nervous breakdowns which have been so generously shared with us by other authors.

Just Merchandising

YANKEE AUCTIONEER. By George H. Bean. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 248 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

FEW are the American homes, be they ample country houses or one-room apartments, whereof the occupants are unable to point to some oddment among the furnishings and remark, "I picked that up at an auction." Mr. Bean's sprightly narrative is the story of the oddment, its original owner, its most recent purchaser, and the man who got seller and buyer together. He is more concerned with the craft of auctioneering than with the personality of the auctioneer, be it himself or another. He does take time to explain how he got into the game (it was quite by accident), and he does offer his personal views on auctioneering as a career, but in the main he tells of the joys and hazards, the prose and poetry, of auctioneering.

There is the weather hazard, obviously—an element of as vast import to an auctioneer as to a farmer or a big-league umpire. There is the fire hazard, not so much fire on the premises as somewhere else. One of Mr. Bean's sales was interrupted by an alarm that drew off a good share of his customers, but it was only a henhouse, and they soon returned. There is the traffic hazard. Once an automobile crash on an adjacent corner took his audience from him in a body. And at least one road disaster was a help—a milk truck slewed around on a main highway and blocked traffic; motorists had to detour past a Bean auction.

There aren't many tricks in auctioneering, nor is there enough "psychology" to distress the bidder. It is straightforward merchandizing. The auctioneer is as essential in the general economy as the manufacturer and the retailer, and a tremendous convenience to buyer and seller alike. A George Bean auction must be fascinating entertainment into the bargain. Not everybody may be able to get to one—for those who can't, there is "Yankee Auctioneer."

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(Continued from page 41)

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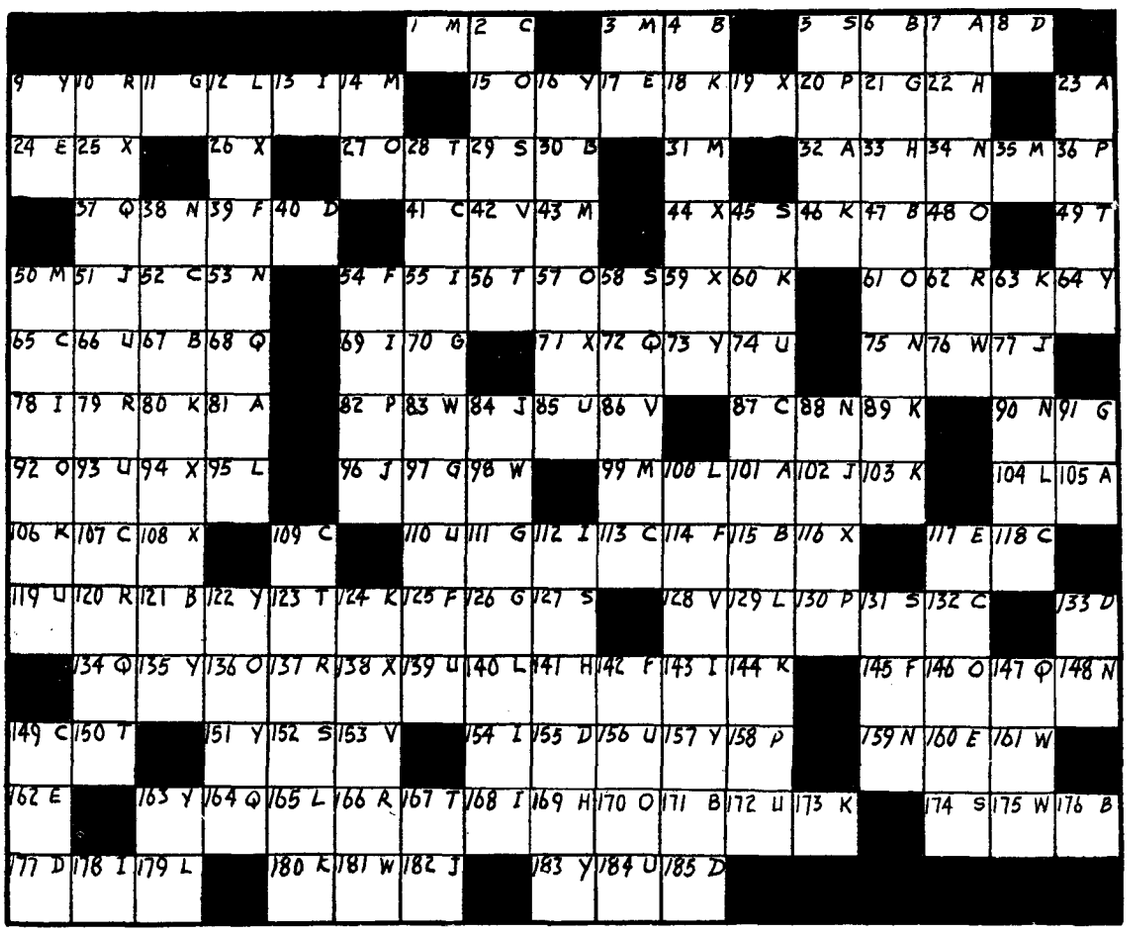
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Reputed first Methodist preacher in America (1728-73).	7 32 23 101 105 81
B. Passed through or experienced (change, etc.).	121 171 4 115 57 176 6 47 30
C. Translation of "Bab el Mandeb" (3 wds.).	41 87 65 149 113 2 107 132 109 118 52
D. French woman author (1726-83; "Memoires et Correspondances," 1818).	40 177 155 8 133 185
E. A liqueur made from brandy, flavored with peach or cherry kernels.	160 117 17 162 24
F. In a manner tending to injury and mischief.	54 39 142 125 114 145
G. Name of two brothers, theatrical managers in the Nineties.	70 111 91 97 11 126 21
H. First name of Russian-American composer in this country (1882-).	33 22 169 141
I. Philosophical poem in nine books by Wordsworth (1814; with "The").	178 55 78 143 168 13 112 69 154
J. English Parliamentary leader and regicide; "Memoirs" (1617?-92).	102 84 77 182 51 96
K. Nickname for Delaware (2 wds.).	103 106 180 144 46 63 89 173 18 80 60 124
L. American dramatist (1896-; Pulitzer Prizes, 1936, '39, '41).	165 129 140 95 104 12 100 179
M. Indian of Muskhogean tribe amalgamated with the Creeks (Georgia).	50 31 43 99 35 1 14 3
N. A natural adjunct or endowment.	159 90 148 75 88 38 34 53
O. Acting wildly or excitedly.	170 15 61 27 146 136 57 92 48
P. Famous palace in Florence, Italy.	82 130 36 158 20
Q. Popular nickname for Missouri (2 wds.; with "State").	68 37 72 147 134 164
R. The beautiful son of Latona (Rom. myth.)	137 166 120 10 79 62
S. Pseudonym of sensational journalist, Elizabeth C. Seaman (1867-1922).	58 29 152 45 127 5 131 174
T. Diversified with small detached objects.	123 28 49 56 167 150
U. Sagacious; of good judgment.	74 184 119 85 172 156 139 110 66 93
V. British soldier, custodian of Napoleon at St. Helena.	153 42 128 86
W. Emanating from the positive terminal of an electric source.	175 76 98 161 83 181
X. Humorous sketches by T. C. Haliburton (1843-4; "or, Sam Slick in England").	138 71 108 44 25 116 26 59 19 94
Y. Civil War play by Bronson Howard (produced successfully, 1889; pub., 1897).	64 157 135 16 9 122 183 73 151 163

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the columns headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dahes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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